National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment....Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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Pro-Slavery.

SHEECH OF REV. DR. DEWEY.

At the Great Union Meeting in Pittsfield, December 27th, 1850.

Mr. President—There is a moral question presented by "the Fugitive Slave Bill," which is to me, I frankly say, one of the most difficult and painful that it has ever fallen to my lot to consider. For I am not one of those who repudiate "the higher law." I bring this matter to the bar of conscience. What! sir, is every human convention to be binding on me, be it right or wrong? Or is it, because it is called a Government or a Constitutional Compact—suppose it were Russian, Austrian or Turkish—to bind me as its subject, to do what is totally irreconcilable with my duty to God and conscience? No; a law that is clearly immoral and iniquitous, may crush me, but it shall not use me; it may make me its victim, but I will not be its instrument.

I say that the Fugitive Slave Bill presents to me a trying and painful question. For on the one hand, I am opposed in principle to the whole system of human Slavery. I was an Abolitionist long before I ever heard the word. We are all Abolitionists at the North, if abolishing Slavery can make us so. We hold that it ought everywhere to be abolished, as soon as possible. We hold it to have been, in its original infliction, a wrong; and in its perpetual influence to be an evil. We are ourselves free, and would have all so. Every drop of blood in our veins beats to the claim for freedom. But on the other hand, here is this same Slavery system, so interwoven with the Constitution, I do not say merely of this Government, but of this Nation, that it seems impossible suddenly to tear it away, without rending in pieces Constitution, Government, and Nation together. Element of evil and peril that it is—woe the day that ever it was blended with the life of this people!

What, now, are we to do with it? What, especially in the present crisis, are we to do? I say in the present crisis; but I wish it to be seen, that the present crisis is only the exponent of a great difficulty that lies in the very nature of the case. The danger of national convulsion has perhaps for the present passed by; but it is only postponed. The difficulty lies in the principle—lies, in fact, in the situation in which we are placed as a people. It is not this particular bill that is the great trouble. This bill may perhaps be modified—perhaps it ought to be modified; but *any bill that secured the delivering up of the fugitive* would be about as distasteful to us. The difficulty lies in the *absolute necessity* of some such bill. It is not a question of Southern passion or Northern provocation. If provocation and passion were all laid to sleep; if South and North were met together in the most disinterested and brotherly spirit, to consult together upon this subject, the same painful and perilous question would press upon us. What, in the name of humanity, and in Heaven's name, are we to do?

Understand, I say, the situation of things—into which we are brought not by the action of this generation, but by the course of events. We have now a Union; we are one people under one government—long may we be so!—and as one of the articles of this Union, without which it could not have been formed, we have agreed—we of Massachusetts—we, as a State sovereignty, of which every one of us is a partaker, that we will not harbor fugitives from service fleeing from South Carolina; that we will not recognize any right in them to citizenship or protection among us; that we will give them up to their masters on proper application, properly supported by just and legal proof. I say we are all sharers in this sovereignty and this obligation; and no man can, strictly speaking, escape from it by saying that he will have nothing to do about it; it is as if everybody in Massachusetts were dead, but one man, and that man were you or I. And while touching upon this point of State sovereignty, let me ask in passing, if every sovereign State has not a right to decide who shall be admitted into its territory, and who shall not. Suppose that all Europe should cast the tenants of its poor-houses and penitentiaries upon our shores—should we not have a right to send them back? Suppose that captives in the Barbary States had been accustomed to escape into Spain, and that Spain chose, rather than to harbor them, and to have her commerce ruined by Barbary corsairs, to exclude or restore the fugitives—would she not have a right to do so? Or make it a question not of right, but of humanity; ought humanity to do a great injury to its own people and kindred, for the sake of a less good to strangers? May not humanity chose where it shall interpose?

But to return; we have now a Union. Suppose we had not. Suppose the bond were broken this day, and that these States stood side by side again, as independent sovereignties. Then the question comes again—what is to be done? We are in this situation; we can't help it; we did not choose it; what is to be done. One of two things, either to reunite, or to form a Northern and a Southern Confederacy. Suppose the latter done. Draw a line of division from the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, due west to the Pacific Ocean. What follows? That line will be dotted with forts, and measured all through its length by the cohorts of standing armies. The border on each side will be a debatable and bloody land. Can any one doubt it? Is it possible that slaves can be constantly running over that border into the free States, and that no effort will be made for their recapture? And is it possible that such a state of things can exist without producing endless war, devastation, and bloodshed?

If that alternative is intolerable, then we must reunite. But upon what principles? Without any conviction, any agreement respecting the recovery of fugitive slaves? The thing is impossible. It is not prejudice or passion merely that makes it so, but the very nature of things. For then shall we not only have war, but civil war. Nor is this all that is to be considered. Once proclaim, that we will not restore the fugitive—that we will not aid nor permit his restoration—that the moment he touches the free soil he is free and irreclaimable; and in five years the slave population would be upon us *en masse*—in five years there would be such internecine hostility and bitterness among us, as was never before seen or imagined—in five years there would be an end to the Government and the nation. I deem this result so certain, at any rate, that I would not undertake to reason with a man who denied at least the strong and almost overwhelming probability of it.

It may possibly be thought by some that there is one escape still from this dilemma.—"Let the South at once emancipate its slaves," they may say, "and there will be an end of the trouble." I do not think, for myself, that that would be an end of the trouble. But suppose that it would. It is certain that the Southern States will not consent to do it. They think it no more their duty than their interest to do it. Upon this ground, at any rate, right or wrong, they firmly stand. They will make no convention, have no union with us, but upon the condition of our surrendering fugitive slaves.

This state of things presses home upon upon us at the North, the one great question with which I set out, and upon which I now wish to say something farther. Is such a compact with the South—is that part of our Constitution—essentially immoral and iniquitous—such as cannot be reconciled with obedience to God and to an enlightened conscience, and ought not on any account to be kept or complied with? This is the question which has sunk deeply into the heart of our people: it is a question which must be answered; and I hope and believe that no party can stand and vindicate itself before the country, that does not meet this question.

Now, I admit, as I have already said, and I maintain that there is such a thing as a law of conscience which is above any Constitution, any compact, any advantage whatever. If I were required to blaspheme God—if I were required to tell a lie—to avouch here in the presence of God, that to be true which I knew to be false—I firmly say I would not do it; I would not do it to save my life or your lives, or the life of a whole nation. Or if the Southern people were idolators and would make no compact with us but on condition that we would worship their gods, I say that we could not do it, and ought not to do it. Or if they were worshippers of Moloch, and demanded as the condition of Union with them, that we should send to them a hundred of our children every year to "go through the fire" to their idol, I say we could not do it.

It may be said by the opposers of the present law, and of every law of the kind, that this is giving up the whole case to them; that the rendition of a slave is as bad as the sending of our children to be burnt alive. It may appear so to them; but it does not appear so to me. It is not so terrible an evil—not so revolting to humanity—not so irremediable. We submit to some connection with the slave system, for a while, in the full belief that it will be remedied. If the rendition of a slave were such an acquiescence in the system as would make it perpetual, I am willing to admit that nothing would justify it. "Let the nation be torn in pieces," I would say, "rather than that the African race among us should be held in eternal bondage!" But no reflecting man at the North or South, believes that it can be eternal, or on the grand scale of history, of very long continuance. Like other great evils it must die out and come to an end.

And the question is, ought it to be borne with for a time, or ought it to be instantly abolished at the expense of evils greater than itself? Or is it such an evil that we ought to hold no compact with a people that tolerates it? Or, to come to the precise question—is such a non-interference with their system, as is implied in a refusal of refuge to their slaves, a thing like blasphemy or lying or idolatry, which nothing can justify? Does the proper sense of justice or of humanity, demand, that in defiance of the law of the land and at every hazard, we shall open a door of refuge to the fugitive slave—protect, defend him—and, if need be, deliver him with the strong hand? I believe not. I hold myself bound to do all that I can for such fellow-man in consistency with my other obligations, but not in disregard of them. I hold myself bound to do all that I can for my fellow-man, but not to do this. If a persecuted man, however innocent, should ask for refuge in my house from a pursuing troop—if I had reason to believe that they would violate the sanctuary, would burn my house and destroy my family before my eyes, I should feel bound to shut my door: the fugitive would have no right to demand what I had no right to give: myself I might sacrifice, but I should have no right to sacrifice my people for him. Let it not be said that this is mere supposition; it tests the principle. And to come nearer to the very case in hand—I put it to the staunchest advocate of conscience in this matter of the Fugitive Slave Law, and I say—if this town were guarded by a wall, and you stood at the only gate of entrance, and there were a fugitive slave on the other side, and the man-catcher were after him, and if behind him were an invading army that would rush in the moment the gate were opened—you would not open that gate, and you ought not. If this be so, then certainly here is not a law of conscience that ought to override all laws and all consequences. This town represents our country; that invading army, the host of ills that threaten us; and the gate, the Fugitive Slave Bill or some Bill substantially of the same kind; throw it down, and no man can foresee—no man can see in its long array, the host of ills that will enter.

I know it is maintained by some that there is no danger—no danger in any way or ever of disunion or of civil bloodshed. I know that the very idea of disunion is derided. I have seen our American Union compared, in a very clever newspaper article upon these Union Meetings, to the law of gravitation, as a fixed and unalterable fact. Well I hope it is so, and much believe it. But I am certain that it cannot be so, if we violate this part of the compact. The immediate danger, perhaps, is past; but there is a future before us, full of peril. In regard to this Fugitive Slave Law, do you not see the tendencies of hostile sentiment? It will never be satisfied with any Fugitive Slave Law, that secures the end. The Abolitionists ought themselves to see that they will never be satisfied. I myself feel that no bill can ever be framed that will not be distasteful to me. I do not like to send back the fugitive slave on any terms. If I do it, it is a painful duty. I hate this absolute dominion of man over man. The idea of ownership of a man, of the power to buy and sell him as property, is offensive to me beyond expression. I wonder, and have always wondered, that the Southern people do not describe this terrible fact as a *relation* established between them and their *people*, and never name in connection with man the hateful word, property.

The question then is not about this particular law. It is essentially about any compact of this nature. It is a question for the future; it is a permanent question; and therefore, whether there be any *present* danger or not, I am willing to come here, and to offer my poor thoughts upon it. I say my poor thoughts, not out of feigned modesty, but in pure sincerity. I have no boast to make of being right. I may be wrong. But I have made up my mind that I can comply with some such compact. I take no responsibility in doing so, for the system of my Southern neighbors. I simply say that I will not interfere with their consciences or with their interests in the matter—that I will not protect or defend their people, if they come to me—that the system shall be shut up to themselves exclusively. But it is plain to me, that they cannot consent to any union without this condition—unless they immediately free all their slaves; and I do not see how they can rightly do that. Their people must be prepared for freedom, before it can be a blessing to them. Till then, for them to allow that touching our soil shall make their people free, would be a thing utterly at war with their institution, their plan, their interest, repose and safety. I cannot expect it; I would not consent to it, if I were one of them.

But whatever I might do, no one can doubt what they will do, and what they will not do. They will demand a Fugitive Slave Bill; they will not do without it. Sir, I have seen those men—talked with them—heard them speak. I believe they are in earnest. It is said they can't separate from us—that their interest binds them to us. But passion, do you not know, is often stronger than interest? And they have not only passion, but a sense of right—a feeling of being grievously wronged. And besides, do you not hear what they say?—that they may sell their cotton to England and take her manufactures in exchange and cut off ours—that they may have Cuba and Mexico and make the most glorious empire under the sun—while we dwindle to nothing? All false, if you please, but plausible; and they believe it. Alas! how do we misunderstand one another—and how fatally, it may be. *They* say we are fanatics; and we say they are blusterers; but the truth is, we are both "terribly in earnest." And little will it comfort us another day—be that day near or distant—if the dark and bloody veil of disunion shall be drawn across this land, and standing armies shall pollute our holy soil, and wars shall ensue, and war-taxes shall crush us down to almost worse than African bondage, and successive revolutions shall rend our shattered States, and the star of this Empire Republic be set forever, and the world shall wail or mock at our fall—little will it comfort us to think that we never believed that all this would happen, and were blind to the awful hours that were drawing on—to the awful fate that we shall have plucked down upon ourselves.

One word more, sir, and I will relieve your patience. Some one may be disposed on the whole, to say this to me: "Your argument seems to me to be reasonable, but all my moral instincts are against it." Then I say—will you, for those *instincts* destroy a *Government*, and that when reason is on the other side? A Government—a Nationality—a peaceful Order, beneath which twenty millions of people are working unparalleled freedom and happiness—it is a solemn thing! It is a stupendous mass of interests, not to be touched or endangered without awe.

I feel the force of the objection, but I think it is to be overruled by higher considerations. I feel for the poor fugitive, and I will do what I can to save him from his fate. If conventions to rescue him or money to buy him will do it, let it be done. His going back is a thing most painful to *me*. But it is a thing which may be rightly suffered, to save this nation from dismemberment and destruction. I would consent that my own brother, my own son should go; *ten times rather* would I go myself, than that this Union should be sacrificed for me or for us.

No, there must be some other way than that of violence and haste for dissolving this terrible bond of Slavery—for dissolved it must be. When shall we give up our violence, bitterness and recrimination in a case that requires all our calmness and wisdom? Could we as a people all feel as *men*—feel the spirit of generous and gentle humanity; could we look upon the slaves as children to be educated, as minors to be taken care of—could we *take* a perpetual care of them—we as a nation—instruct them, prepare them for freedom, for self-government—and then give them a country beyond the Rocky Mountains—what a glorious spectacle would that be? Fellow-citizens! Christian men! would ye not gladly do it? This great people, cast into the wide lap of nature's bounties, and ten thousand other blessings—would that it might take upon itself that glorious mission!

From the New York Express.

GREAT UNION MEETING AT TARRYTOWN.

Thursday, January 30, 1851.

The winter's cold did not prevent the assembling of an enthusiastic and numerous body of people at Tarrytown on Thursday.

The officers of the meeting were Hon. Alfred Lockwood, President; Gen. A. Ward, and others, Vice Presidents; and George Sherwood, Esq., and others, Secretaries.

Letters were read by James A. Hamilton, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, from Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Daniel S. Dickinson, Gouverneur Kemble, William Nelson, William Pauling, William Henry Anthon, James Crooks, and Theodore H. Benedict, sympathizing with the call of the meeting, and encouraging the people of Westchester to persevere in efforts in behalf of the Union.

The meeting was addressed by Messrs. J. W. Tompkins, Alexander Hamilton, jr., J. W. Gerard, and J. T. Brady. Mr. Tompkins spoke of the formation of the Constitution and the origin of Slavery in the United States. Mr. Hamilton gave a statistical and elaborated exposition of the causes of the rise of Slavery, and its subsequent decline or progress in the North and South. Messrs. Gerard and Brady expressed their determination to stand aloof from all parties contaminated with disunion sentiments, and each gave utterance to their strong disapprobation of the course pursued by a prominent leader of the party to which each respectively belonged. Mr. Gerard gave one rule on which he thought we might in nine cases out of ten, act with safety, viz: to reject every theory prefixed with an *anti*, or terminated by an *ism*. In answer to the inquiry, "what do you agitate?" he said that those who have agitated until they have nearly destroyed the Union, would gladly send us home to Sleepy Hollow, and make Rip Van Winkles of us all until they had consummated their work of destruction.

A series of resolutions, similar in spirit to those of the Castle Garden meeting, were unanimously adopted, and after the appointment of a numerous Vigilance Committee, the meeting adjourned, with nine hearty cheers.

The occasion called forth the following practical and splendid letter from Daniel Webster, the reading of which elicited the greatest applause.

MR. WEBSTER'S LETTER.

Washington, Jan. 27th, 1851.

Gentlemen:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th of this month, inviting me to attend a meeting proposed to be holden at Tarrytown on the 30th inst., by the people of Westchester county, without any distinction of party, who approve of the compromise measures of the last session of Congress.

My public duties do not allow me to accept this invitation: but you need not doubt that I cordially approve the objects and purposes for which the people of Westchester propose to assemble.

I hope the spirit of disunion may be considered as now, in some degree checked; but that it has existed, both at the North and South, and does still exist to a dangerous extent, can not, as it seems to me, be denied by any honest man.

In the South the separation of the States is openly proposed, discussed and recommended, absolutely or conditionally; in legislative halls and in conventions called together by the authority of law.

In the North, the State Governments have not run into such excess, and the purpose of overturning the government shows itself more clearly in resolutions, agreed to in voluntary assemblies of individuals, denouncing the laws of the land and declaring a fixed latent to disobey them.

I notice in one of these meetings, holden lately in the very heart of New England, and said to have been very numerously attended, the members unanimously resolved, "That as God is our helper, we will not suffer any person charged with being a fugitive from labor, to be taken from among us, and to this resolve, we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

These persons do not seem to have been aware that the purpose thus avowed by them, is distinctly treasonable. If any law of the land be resisted by force of arms or force of numbers, with a declared intent to resist the application of that law in all cases, this is levying war against the government within the meaning of the constitution, and is an act of treason, drawing after it all the consequences of that offence. This is the precise case in which a conviction for treason took place in Pennsylvania during Gen. Washington's administration. And not only does such a spirit as this manifest itself in heated and violent public assemblies, but it is also defended, encouraged and commended by a considerable portion of the public press; and what is still worse, the pulpit has, in too many instances, uttered these tones of opposition to the law, instead of the voice of Christian meekness, repentance and the fear of God.

It is evident that if this spirit be not checked, it will endanger the government; if it spread far and wide, it will overthrow the government.

There are ample pledges, gentlemen, that with you and your fellow citizens of Westchester, no other feeling will be entertained, than that of zealous attachment to the Union and the Constitution, and a determination to support both to the last extremity. Among your committee I see the son of a great and illustrious man, equally distinguished in the revolutionary and the constitutional period of his country. Alexander Hamilton was one of the twelve commissioners to meet at Annapolis in September, 1786, and recommended to the country the establishment of a Constitution of Government, "adequate to the exigencies of the Union." Here was the cradle of that form of government, which has so long bound us all together, and made us so prosperous at home, and so much respected abroad. Where the blood of Alexander Hamilton fills the veins, or his example and patriotic services are remembered, the language of separation, secession, and disunion, will find no utterance, and purposes of violent resistance to the laws, no approbation or tolerance.

Gentlemen, the mortal remains of another great man, venerated and loved through the whole course of a long life, repose in the county of Westchester; of course I mean John Jay. The public life of this illustrious man was almost entirely devoted to the preservation of the United States, the establishment of the Constitution, and the administration of the powers conferred under it. No man saw more clearly or felt more deeply the evils arising from the existence of States with entire and distinct sovereignties. No man appealed to his countrymen against such a state of things with more earnestness, eloquence or power. He saw the beginning of a spirit very much like that which exists now; he foretold its dangers, and did as much as any man to rescue the public opinion from its pernicious grasp.

In 1785, he wrote to a friend "It is my first wish to see the United States assume and merit the character of one great nation, whose territory is divided into different States merely for more convenient Government." In 1787 he said, "It has until lately been a received and uncontradicted opinion, that the prosperity of the people of America depended on their continuing firmly united; and the wishes, prayers, and efforts, of our best and wisest citizens have been constantly directed to that object. But politicians now appear, who insist that this opinion is erroneous, and that instead of looking for safety and happiness and union, we ought to seek it in a division of the States into distinct confederacies or sovereignties."

"This country and this people seem to have been made for each other, and it appears as if it was the design of Providence, that an inheritence so proper and convenient for a band of brethren united to each other by the strongest ties, should never be split into a number of unsocial, jealous and alien sovereignties."

"They who promote the idea of substituting a number of distinct confederacies, in the room of the plan of the Convention, seem clearly to foresee that the rejection of it would put the continuance of the Union in the utmost jeopardy. That certainly would be the case; and I sincerely wish that it may be as clearly foreseen by every good citizen, that whenever the dissolution of the Union arrives, America will have reason to exclaim in the words of the poet, 'Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness.'"

When I am speaking of the ardent attachment of John Jay to the Union of the American States, I can not forbear, even at the risk of extending this answer beyond its proper limits, from introducing another extract from his admirable writings, as exhibiting remarkable sagacity and power of illustration.—"We have heard much," said he, "of the fleets of Britain; and if we are wise, the time may come when the fleets of America may engage attention. But if one national government had not so regulated the navigation of Britain as to make it a nursery for seamen—if one national government had not called forth all the national means and materials for forming fleets, their prowess and their thunder would never have been celebrated. Let England have its navigation and fleet—let Scotland have its navigation and fleet—let Wales have its fleet—let Ireland have its navigation and fleet—let these four of the constituent parts of the British empire be under four independent governments, and it is easy to perceive how soon they would each dwindle into comparative insignificance."

When John Jay filled the seat at the head of the Supreme Judicature, how would one appear, who, being charged with crime, should stand up before his face, beaming equally with intelligence and benignity, and insist that he had disobeyed the law only from the impulse of his own individual conscience, that he had wantonly violated both violated the most important obligations, and contemned the sanctity of oaths, only upon his reliance on the superiority of his own intelligence over that of the community, and the right of every individual to judge of constitution, laws and compacts for himself?

Gentlemen, I am sure that you and your friends will do your whole duty, as intelligent and patriotic citizens, in upholding the institutions of your country. I purpose to do mine, and should not consent to act with any body, who might be found to waver or to hesitate on this all important question.

The President's message at the opening of the present Session of Congress, expresses fully and plainly his own opinion and the unanimous opinion of all those associated with him in the executive administration of the Government, in regard to what are called the Adjustment or Compromise Measures of the last Session. That opinion is, that those measures should be regarded in principle as a final settlement of the dangerous and exciting subjects which they embrace; that though they were not free from imperfections, yet in their mutual dependence and connection, they formed a system of compromise, the most conciliatory and best for the entire country, that could be obtained from conflicting sectional interests and opinions: and that therefore they should be adhered to, until time and experience should demonstrate the necessity of further legislation to guard against evasion or abuse. That opinion, so far as I know, remains entirely unchanged, and will be acted upon steadily and decisively. The peace of the country requires this; the security of the Constitution requires this; consistency requires this; and every consideration of the public good demands this. If the administration cannot stand upon the principles of the message, it does not expect to stand at all!

Citizens of Westchester! Citizens of the State of New York! the voices of your own illustrious dead cry to you from the ground. They who are in their graves beseech you, as you respect their names and memories, as you love liberty, as you value your own happiness, as you regard the hopes of your children, to hold on with unflinching firmness to the Constitution, and to the Union of the States; and as if with lips still living, they conjure you, in tones of indignation, to reject all such ideas as that disobedience to the laws is the path of patriotism, or treason to your country duty to God.

For myself, I confess that if I were to witness the breaking up of the Union, and the Coustitution of the United States, I should bow myself to the earth in confusion of face; I should wish to hide myself from the observation of mankind, unless I could stand up and declare truly before God and man that by the utmost exertion of every faculty with which my Creator has endowed me, I had labored to avert the catastrophe!

I am, gentlemen, with entire regard, and all good wishes, your obliged friend and fellow citizen,

(Signed) Daniel Webster.

To Messrs. James A. Hamilton, George B. Butler, John Haskin, Albert Lockwood, Committee.

From the Journal of Commerce.

UNION SAFETY COMMITTEE.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Fellow Citizens—Fellow Countrymen:

We address you on behalf, and by authority of one of the most numerous meetings of citizens ever assembled in the city of New York. By our fellow citizens so convened, we, the undersigned, were charged with the duty of endeavoring to revive among the whole people of the United States the spirit in which the Union was formed and the Constitution adopted, and to resist every attempt to alienate one part of the country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which bind together the various parts.

We have thus far attempted to perform this duty mainly by the publication and wide circulation of the opinions and views upon public affairs, at this crisis, of citizens distinguished not less for their eminent standing, than for patriotism and talents. We shall from time to time continue so to do.

We shall not attempt to argue the great questions which for many months together have agitated the country. But we do suppose that after these questions have been discussed by the Representatives of the people, in both branches of Congress, during a large portion of the longest session of those bodies ever held under the Constitution, and after this discussion has been at last terminated by the passage of a series of measures designed as a *compromise* of conflicting opinions, and after they have received the approbation of the *President*, and thus become laws of the land, there is eminent propriety in executing these laws in good faith.

The law comprehended in the series of measures before referred to, for the restoration of fugitives from seevice, has been most objected to, in the States where Slavery does not exist; while in some of the States where Slavery still exists, other parts of the compromise measures are loudly complained of: but from all the information this committee have been able to obtain, they have reason to believe that those Southern States of the Union whose interests or feelings have been most affected by these measures, are generally determined, with a patriotism which does them honor, to *abide by the compromise*, if carried out in good faith, *according to the spirit and letter of the Constitution of the country.*

The Constitution of the United States embodies the supreme law of the land, and *every article* and *every provision* of it ought to be carried out in good faith, according to its true intent and meaning.

What we would very respectfully recommend is, that our fellow citizens, in all parts of the country, should cease unnecessarily to agitate the subject, and bring their minds to think about and contemplate subjects involving their common interests, and common renown, upon which, in the main, there is no disagreement, or none of an exciting or unpleasant character. By pursuing this course, we shall come to regard each other as countrymen, the bond of union between us will be strengthened, and we shall rejoice in the prosperity of each other.

There are many points upon which all citizens of this Republic agree, but there is one especially, upon which we all delight to dwell—*the character and fame of Washington.* There is no child of the Republic, native or adopted, who is not proud to call him Father.

The *Birthday of Washington* approaches; let us unite in *celebrating that day*; let it be a day of universal rejoicing; let us all call to mind his many virtues; let us assemble in every city, every town, every village and every hamlet throughout this vast country, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and hear the Farewell Address of the Father of his Country read to assembled citizens. Let us meditate upon his words of wisdom; let us drink largely from this original fountain of patriotism, and we cannot doubt that the effect will be, not perhaps to make us argue more acutely, but to make us feel like Americans, and under this feeling to repudiate alike all disorganizers—to make us feel that we are truly one people, and that as such, united under one government, we hold a trust for ourselves, our posterity and mankind, of more value than was ever committed to any other nation.

F. S. LATHOP, Chairman.
E. K. COLLINS, Vice-Chairman.
Joshua J. Henry, } Secretaries.
David W. Catlin, }

New York, January 30th, 1851.

Hiram Ketchum,	Dennis Perkins,
Peter Cooper,	Gideon Ostrander,
E. J. Anderson,	R. Withers,
Ephraim Holbrook,	Charles M. Connolly,
Samuel D Babcock,	S. T. Nicoll,
Ralph Clark,	Benjamin M. Whitlock,
Michael McGrath,	Ellsworth Chesebrough,
Charles G. Carleton,	Richard Barlew,
Morris Ketchum,	Jacob Aims,
James W. Gerard,	Robert C. Wetmore,
William Chauncey,	Richard K. Haight,
Henry Grinnell,	Charles L. Vose,
John D. Van Beuren,	Stephen Whitney,
Drake Mills,	Charles T. Cromwell,
William H. Webb,	William A. Banister,
James Bryce,	Charles B. Spicer,
James Fellows,	George Wood,
Nelson Robinson,	James De P. Ogden,
Edward Curtis,	Ogden Hoffman,
Gerard Hallock,	William S. Wetmore,
Nicholas Dean,	William M. Lambert,
Robert Smith,	Samuel E. Sproulls,
William M. Richards,	George Douglass,
James B. Murray,	O. F. D. Grant,
Samuel L. Mitchell,	Moses Taylor,
Isaac Townsend,	Thomas E. Davis,
Francis Griffin,	John J. Cisco,
G. W. Hempstone,	George B. Butler,
William Gale,	Felix Ingoldsby,
William C. Miller,	George D. H. Gillespie,
Charles O. Conor,	A. G. Benson,
Giles Babcock,	Charles M. Leupp,
Marshall O. Roberts,	Lucien B. Chase,
Edward P. Heyer,	Thomas Fenner,
Thomas Suffern,	Thomas H. Phelps,
John McKeon,	R. R. Milliken,
Andrew Mount,	Charles E. Butler,
William T. Rose,	T. R. Walter,
Edward Sandford,	Jacob A. Westervelt,
Shepherd Knapp.	

Selections.

From the Sunday Atlas.

THE AFRICAN STEAMERS—THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES—THE SLAVE TRADE.

The projected line of steamships to run between the United States and the west coast of Africa and Southern Europe, is objectionable in more points than one. We cannot perceive a single merit in it; and as we happen to know that its originators, Messrs. Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, and "Joseph Bryan, of Alabama, George Nichols Sanders and others," are desperate commercial speculators, we cannot but hope that Congress will not suffer itself to be bamboozled by their united artifices and designs. But as we said the other day, the affair has got into the hands of Mr. Clay, and we have but little doubt that it will be forced into existence.

It is important to Mr. Clay, who is just at this moment engaged in another expedition after the butterfly of the Presidency, to show off an unusual degree of "philanthropy," through the agency of the Colonization Society, in order to divert the public mind from the enormities he and his associates perpetrated when they concocted *the* peace measures; and therefore the immortal Raccoon of Ashland advocates and prates about a scheme for the civilization of the whole African race, resident any where between Fornando Po, the Bight of Benin, Cape Coast Castle, and the Senegal in Western, and the mountains of the Moon and Timbucto, in Eastern Interior Africa.

Mr. Clay is not only a philanthropist but a Philosopher; and, being blest with a second sight, can see as plain as day, how and in what way his plan of civilizing and christianizing Africa is to be effected. Of course he can see what is not palpable to our vision, for we are not blessed with a Raccoon's optics. The population of Africa, independently of the Barbary States, is estimated at ninety millions; and this vast multitude is to be christianized "by steam:" but whether this is to be done prior to the day of Mr. Clay's inauguration as President, or is to be completed during his administration, he has not condescended to inform us. Colonization, on the West Coast of Africa, commenced about the year 1820, and up to the commencement of the year 1850, had acquired a population in Liberia of about one hundred and fifty thousand souls, six thousand of which were expatriated emancipated slaves from the United States, and the remainder were native Africans, who had been induced to adopt the principles of the Colony at Liberia and partake of the benefits of civilization. Passing by the six thousand emigrants from the United States, who, by the way, do not appear to be especially calculated to advance the cause of colonization, the work of colonizing and christianizing ninety millions of negroes, does not appear to have very rapidly advanced during the thirty years' labor, the American Colonization Society has bestowed on those objects. If in thirty years, one-hundred and thirty-six thousand negroes have been civilized, how long will it take to bring in the whole ninety millions that are yet to be regenerated, enlightened, civilized and educated?—Those who can cypher better than we can, will do well to solve the problem. We could once cypher out Mr. Clay's American System, but we can't solve his colonization projects.

Ben Johnson, in one of the best comedies he ever wrote, drew and delineated a financier, soldier and mathematician, one Captain Bobadil, who was great at cyphering out a battle and a victory. In one of his humors, this valiant cyphering soldier, Captain Bobadil, developed a scheme to Master Knowell for ridding Her Majesty Elizabeth of England, of a few of the annoyances that beset her.

"I am a gentleman," said the gallant Bobadil, "and live here obscure and to myself; but, were I known to her Majesty and lords, observe me, I would undertake upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the State, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general; but to save the one-half, nay three quarters of her yearly charge in holding war and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you? Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land: gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitutions, I would chose them by instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbracato, your passada, your mutanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March or thereabouts: and we would challenge twenty of the enemy: this they could not in honor refuse us well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more kill them too: and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days, a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kill them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentlemanly carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword."

We commend Capt. Bobadil's arithmetic to Mr. Clay's especial attention; and if he but practice on its principles, he may cypher out the colonization of ninety millions of African negroes, somewhere between a year hence, "come Lammas day, by'r lady," and the advent of that

"Day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay."

But, if he should reject the Bobadilian arithmetical system, and adopt the sliding scale principle of Sir Robert Peel, which, by the way, is denominated by Mr. Benjamin Backstay, of the Thunderer frigate, the sliding gunter principle, it is not certain that he would effect his objects till a week after dooms-day.

There are so many objections to this African steamship scheme, that we do not exactly know how to dispose of them. The whole plan is an absurdity. Its originators, among other things, propose that each ship shall be commanded "*by an officer of the Navy, with four Passed-Midshipmen, to serve as watch officers.*" Against such an arrangement, we shall protest in advance in unqualified terms.

If we are to have a *quasi* steam marine, it should be officered by men from the merchant service, first, because they are always more competent, better seamen, better navigators, and hardier spirits than can be found in the Navy.

The Navy of the United States affords the very worst school in the world for the practical seaman. So well known and indisputable is this fact, that many a passed-midshipman, and not few lieutenants, obtain leave of absence, enter on board merchant ships for the purpose of perfecting themselves in seamanship. You will rarely find in the Navy an officer who can strap a block, turn a dead eye, or fit a gang of rigging. They are brought up to the aristocracy of the Navy; and, if dismissed or compelled to quit the service by their necessities—a rare case, by the way—they are universally found to be unqualified for the active and arduous duties of the merchant service.

Nor is this all. The Navy has been pampered and suffered to luxuriate too long in aristocratic indolence; it has been fondled and indulged till it has become a spoiled child; and, if the country has any benefits or favors to bestow, let them be conferred on men who have toiled and tugged year after year in the commercial marine. We pay too much money to establish and maintain this "arm of defence," in the shape of a titled aristocracy, without realizing a corresponding benefit in return. According to official returns, the United States maintain six naval squadrons, which cost annually several millions of dollars. During the existence of the Government—

The salaries of our naval officers have amounted to	$80,000,000
The sum paid for active duty, has been	20,000,000
Actual pay for officers not in active service,	$60,000,000

And what return has the Navy made for this immense expenditure? It has captured, in all, some six frigates, four sloops of war, and perhaps fifty sail of smaller craft. Beyond the capture of these vessels, and the "glory" it has achieved, it has been almost totally useless. It is a luxury that can, in the time of peace, be well dispensed with; and, yet it is proposed that it be augmented by adding to it a whole armada of steam frigates in the shape of African Mail Steamers.

The "Ebony project," as it is sometimes called, is objectionable, on the ground of the size of ships, and the prices at which it is proposed they shall transport "*passengers*." It is estimated that each ship shall carry twenty-five hundred passengers, for ten dollars the head for adults, and five dollars for children.

To transport "passengers" in *regular* slave ships from the Coast of Africa to Brazil, an expenditure of thirty dollars the head is incurred; and, if these "Ebony Steamers" will underbid the regular traders, is it absolutely certain that ten "*passengers*" will *not* be transported from the Bonny and the Gallenas, to New Orleans, Savannah and Charleston, to one that crosses the ocean in a Brazilian regular trader—that fifty "*passengers*" will not be landed in the United States for every passenger that is sent *out* to Liberia under the auspices of the Colonization Society. *Passengers* can be landed anywhere.

We object to the whole scheme; but, have not the least idea that it can be defeated. It will undoubtedly be carried into effect; and the Line of American and African steamers will be found engaged in furthering a traffic which is denounced as piracy by the whole civilized world.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

BASE FRAUD.

COTTON POLITICS AND COTTON PRINCIPLES.

The public attention is called to a handbill which purports to have been issued in this city, and has been circulated, we learn, very extensively in the slave States. Merchants and editors here have received copies from the south, the persons sending them being desirous, it is presumed, to keep us posted up as to what is doing among us. In re-publishing this handbill, no design is entertained of doing service to the *enterprising* editors, who seem to have enlisted in their support a few of our mercantile firms who deal largely in cotton-goods—and several prominent politicians who are "clothed in" cotton "and fare sumptuously every day;" but the object is to let the people of the north, mercantile, mechanical, professional and agricultural—see what strange unions, combinations and amalgamations, are made now-a-days for the preservation of the Union and the sale of cotton goods and cotton principles!

"A Southern Press in New York

"The Cheapest Business and Family Paper in the World.

"The Weekly Journal.

"A commercial and general independent newspaper, with this title, is published every Saturday morning, at 122½ Fulton and 2 Wall street, New York, (office of the Day Book,) at the low price of

"Two Dollars per Annum."

(Here follows a statement of what the readers may expect in the columns of this "Southern Press in New York." Its columns "are not occupied with romances and sentimental fiction, &c., &c." From this statement we copy the following paragraph:)

"The Day Book has taken strong grounds against the abol

it to the public as deserving of patronage, and worthy the attention of country merchants:

Carleton & Co.,	Daniel Webster, Mass.,
F. S. & D. Lathrop,	Jefferson Davis, Miss.,
Doremus & Nixon,	Henry S. Foote, Miss.,
Gilbert, Prentiss & Tuttle,	Daniel S. Dickinson, N. Y.,
Henrys, Smith & Townsend,	George E. Badger, N. C.,
Blackfield & West,	Lewis Cass, Mich.,
Woodbury, Hope & Co.,	F. Granger, N. Y.,
Clark & Work,	Wm. Duer, N. Y.,

The disreputable sheet to which the foregoing alludes has been widely circulated over the Southern country, and mail after mail has brought us copies of the Handbill, purporting to *endorse* the most indecent print in our country. But it was no affair of ours; and if for a short period our Southern friends desired to be deceived and imposed upon, we were content to let them have their way, well satisfied that time and reflection would correct the evil.

We may not longer, however, neglect a notice of this scurrilous and disgraceful publication. The article which we copy from the *Post* compels men who would stand well at home to separate their names from such a vile publication; and we are requested and authorized to say, to the merchants, traders, and gentlemen of the South, that the certificate of endorsement having the signature of DANIEL WEBSTER, and other distinguished politicians, and GILBERT, PRENTISS & TUTTLE, and other highly respectable merchants, is a GROSS and DELIBERATE FORGERY. That it was signed by CARLTON & Co., and HENRYS, SMITH & TOWNSEND, we can readily believe, because we find whole columns of the *Day Book* filled with their advertisements and descriptions of their places of business. It is doubtless in their employ and endorsed by them to obtain Southern custom; but with some exceptions, this endorsement is denounced as an impudent FORGERY. The *Post* contains the following:

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

In a communication in your paper of the 1st inst., entitled "Cotton Politics and Cotton Principles," is embodied the copy of a handbill issued by the editors of the *Day Book and Weekly Journal*, headed "A Southern Press in New York," &c., purporting to be signed by our firm among others. We beg to inform our friends and the public, that our name is used entirely without our authority or approbation.

GILBERT, PRENTISS & TUTTLE.

New York, Feb. 4, 1851.

Our readers will bear in mind that in October last, this same *Day Book*, acting no doubt, under the instigation of certain silk merchants who desire to possess themselves of the trade of BOWEN & MCNAMEE, openly denounced that firm as Abolitionists. Whereupon that firm published the following card:

A CARD.

"The public, including the New York *Journal of Commerce*, are informed that we are silk merchants, and keep an extensive and well assorted stock of goods, which we offer to responsible buyers on reasonable terms. As individuals we entertain our own views on various religious, moral and political questions of the day, which we are neither afraid or ashamed to declare on all proper occasions. But we wish it distinctly understood that our *goods* and not our *principles* are in the market. The attempt to punish us, as *merchants*, for the exercise of our liberty as *citizens*, we leave to the judgment of the community.

BOWEN & MCNAMEE."

We considered this a manly and very proper rebuke of those who attempted to injure them; and in publishing their card, made the following remarks:

"We comply with the request of Messrs. Bowen & McNamee, by inserting the above card in our reading columns. All our readers may not be aware of the practices which have led them to publish it. There are two or three newspapers in the city which have organized a system of *bullying* merchants into subscribing to them, advertising in their columns, or *lending their conductors money*. The manner in which they operate is by denouncing them as Abolitionists, and by taking special pains to send these denunciations to their customers in Southern States. *Rival Houses in the same line of business* with those denounced, sometimes buy up large numbers of these papers and send them to merchants in the South, whose trade they thus seek to draw off. Some of these papers openly demand advertising patronage or subscriptions, as the fee for discontinuing these attacks. They denounce merchants also for taking or advertising in other papers than their own, and exact a discontinuance of such patronage; and its transfer to themselves, as the price of their forbearance."

As illustrating the purpose and object of the *Day Book* and those merchants who use its columns to filch from their neighbors their legitimate business, we copy from the Albany (*Georgia*) *Patriot* the following foul libel upon honest men, based upon the publications made by this disreputable sheet.

"The New York *Day Book*, publishes the following "names of New York wholesale Jobbing merchants as "thoroughgoing Abolitionists, whose customers are "chiefly Southern merchants:—

"BOWEN & M'NAMEE.
"CHITTENDEN & BLISS,
"PERKINS & WARREN,
"HOPKINS & ALLEN,
"SIMEON DRAPER, JR.,
"HUNT & DANIEL.

"We learn from some of our merchants that they "have been large customers of some of these houses, "without knowing their character; but they are de- "termined never to buy another dollar's worth of them, "or any other Abolitionist knowingly."

The infamy of this forgery, is only equalled by its impudence. Mr WEBSTER, and others whose names are thus used to endorse a concern which no respectable person will suffer to come into their houses, would as soon think of setting at defiance every principle of honor and honesty, as to be found guilty of encouraging such a Press or of gravely recommending the establishment of a *Southern Press* at the North, or a *Northern* Press at the South. He and they, have never directly or indirectly, encouraged such merely *sectional* proceeding. Mr. WEBSTER knows that it would be the surest mode of exciting sectional warfare and prejudice and thereby destroy the harmony, if not endanger the perpetuity of the Union between the North and the South. How many of the merchants whose signatures appear attached to this endorsement of the vilest print in this city, actually signed it, we will not pretend to say. We do not doubt, but CARLETON & Co. and HENRYS, SMITH & TOWNSEND, signed it. But GILBERT, PRENTISS & TUTTLE are incapable of such an act; and we know that others have indignantly denied that they ever saw or heard of it, until it was sent to them from the South. Whenever they pursue the course adopted by GILBERT, PRENTISS & TUTTLE, we shall be happy to lay their denial before our readers.

It so happens that we never, by any accident, have seen a copy of the *Day Book* except when brought to us by a party assailed in his business, complaining of the merchants who are evidently sustaining this vile concern for very unworthy motives. We hear, however, that very frequently, this Press and the writer, have been assailed in its columns in its peculiar style of Billingsgate. This is not of the slightest moment; but we feel it incumbent on us to say to our Southern brethren, that a viler press, or one more dangerous to the peace of the country, has never been published; and they owe it to themselves, to good morals, and to the love of *Union*, not only to resent the vile imposition which has been practised upon them, but to mark well the names of the northern merchants who are willing to continue and encourage such a Press, in the desperate hope of thereby obtaining Southern custom. Such conduct is not complimentary to the intelligence of the South; while it is a gross insult to the North and West, and will most certainly be resented by them. We do not believe—now that the good sense of the people of the whole country is rapidly doing away with all sectional feeling, excitement and agitation—that the *clique* of northern traders who have demeaned themselves by denouncing everything northern that was not *ultra* in regard to Southern feeling, will reap any advantage from their conduct. Their motives have been too apparent, even to the South; while both the North and the South, cannot fail indignantly to denounce and punish such disreputable trafficking in those feelings of brotherly affection which should exist between brothers of a common ancestry, bound together by every tie which consanguinity, fraternal relations, patriotism and a love of country, can create. The perils and privations of our revolution, were shared alike by our fathers; they shared together the blessings of civil and religious liberty which the establishment of our independence secured; and we, their children, have not only entered jointly upon the enjoyment of that rich inheritance, but jointly and indissolubly do we stand, pledged to the whole civilized world, to transmit them united, undivided, and unimpaired to our posterity.

One word more in regard to the *Day Book*. The loan of *thirty* dollars to its proprietors would have saved BOWEN & MCNAMEE from its assault!

Again, we are authorized and requested to assert upon the authority of one of the best known gentlemen in our city—a gentleman, whose name is known in every State of the Union—that one of the proprietors of the *Day Book*, formerly a clerk in the employ of ARTHUR TAPPAN & Co., stated to the gentleman referred to, *that it was his intention to attack the most distinguished persons in the City to make his paper known; and he attempted to extort money from him under a threat of being denounced!!*

Do our Southern Brethren desire to have anything further to do with a Press which could forge endorsements of character and avow such abominable principles as these? And what think they of the merchants who sustain this press and figure in its columns.

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.—The Rhode Island Legislature have passed to its third reading, a bill exempting Homesteads from attachment and sale for debt, to the value of $800.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRY 13, 1851.

ANOTHER SLAVE-HUNT IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE most remarkable fugitive Slave Case that has yet occurred was tried in Philadelphia, on Thursday and Friday of last week. We give below a full report of it, made up from the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, the *Tribune*, &c., which, though long, is well worth the space it occupies. It will be observed that the claim was dismissed on very much such evidence as was offered in Long's case, in this city, namely, that the woman was known to be living in a free State at the time when it was claimed she was held as a slave. Judge Kane, however, did not, like Judge Judson, feel authorized to decide that the witnesses must be mistaken, and that, as there was a certain Mahala Purnell who, some thirty odd years ago, escaped from her master, the woman so called before him was, no doubt, the same.

Every feature in this case is full of instruction, and reveals the iniquity of the Fugitive Slave Law in a striking manner. In reading the trial, the reader should remember that had this woman, who for more than thirty years has been a free woman, been returned to bondage, all her children, natives of the State of Pennsylvania, would likewise have become slaves. That such was not her and their terrible fate, they may thank the good fortune of having their case tried by an upright Judge:

Yesterday morning a colored female, who was arrested under the name of Mahala, but whose real name appears to be Tamor Williams, and who is the mother of six children, the youngest at the breast, was brought before U. S. Commissioner Ingraham, upon a charge of being a fugitive from labor. She is alledged to be the slave of Wm. T. J. Purnell, of Worcester county, Maryland, and it is admitted by the claimant that she has been absent from him since 1829. Her children were born in this State, and the oldest daughter appears to be about 17 years of age. Her husband is in custody of the law, and it is alledged that he is the slave of another person in the same county, who will probably claim him, as he is now in this city.

Mahala was arrested in Kensington. She resided there, and we were informed that her husband owns the house in which she lived. She has been a member of the Union Methodist Church since the birth of her first child, and is apparently about forty years of age.—There was no excitement manifested, although some thirty or forty colored persons were present. At the suggestion of Wm. S. Pierce, for the woman, and R. C. McMurtrie, for the claimant, the hearing of the case was postponed by Commissioner Ingraham until the afternoon, at 4 o'clock, to afford D. P. Brown an opportunity to be present.

At about 1 o'clock, Judge Kane issued a habeas corpus, at the instance of D. P. Brown, returnable forthwith. The process to arrest the alleged fugitive was issued by Commissioner Ingraham, and placed in the hands of the U. S. Marshal's Deputies, accompanied by Constable Agen. At 1 1-2 o'clock the woman was surrounded by five of her children, three of whom are mere infants.

When they were brought into the room where she was sitting, large drops of perspiration stood upon her face, indicating the intense agony of mind she was suffering. It was a sorrowful sight. At 13-4 o'clock, Mr. McMurtie, or the claimant, appeared to answer to the habeas corpus, and stated that he had understood that the case had been adjourned until 4 o'clock, and, in consequence, he had directed the claimant and his witnesses to leave the Court room, and be in attendance at that hour. He said that he could not tell where they were now to be found.

The case was then adjourned till Friday afternoon.

Mr. McMurtrie desired to know what were the Commissioner's powers under the Fugitive law, and whether the *habeas corpus* suspended his powers?

Judge Kane said he was new in these matters, that he could not answer these questions.

A proper room was directed, by Judge Kane, to be obtained for the safe keeping and comfort of the alleged fugitive.

Saturday, Februrary, 8, 1851.

U. S. CIRCUIT COURT.—Before Judge Kane—Yesterday afternoon, Mahala Purnell, the alleged fugitive slave of Wm T. J. Purnell, of Worcester co, Md., was brought before the Court which was densely crowded. The only witnesses examined were Robt T. Bowen and Zachariah Bowen, who swore that they knew the prisoner in 1827 and 1828, and that she was the slave of the claimant. The counsel for the prisoner, in their cross examinations, threw considerable doubt on the witness's ability to identify her after so long an interval. As the examination could not be concluded last evening, the case was adjourned until 9 o'clock this morning.

At an early hour this morning persons who felt an interest in the hard lot of the colored woman who is claimed under the fugitive slave law as the property of Wm. T. J Purnell, began to assemble in the Court room and the avenues leading to it. Additional officers were put upon duty by the U. S. Marshal to preserve order, and although the concourse of people was large, no disturbance took place. The very best order was preserved throughout, and the only apparent difficulty was to get seats for the ladies.

Pursuant to adjournment, the Court met at 9 o'clock One entire side of the Court room was occupied by white ladies, a majority of whom appeared to belong to the Society of Friends. The alleged fugitive sat opposite to the Judge with her children. She was surrounded by her colored female friends, who appeared to take a deep interest in her cause, as did also the white ladies present.

Judge Kane was punctual to the hour, as he invariably is, but some little delay occurred in consequence of the absence of the senior counsel for the alleged fugitive (D. P. Brown,) who did not make his appearance until a quarter after 9 o'clock.

Robt. F. Bowen, the witness who became sick yesterday afternoon was recalled.

Witness—I saw the colored person who gave the information the next evening; after I saw him in Market st., at Congress Hall, in our room; the gentleman who keeps the hotel we do not wish to place under any responsibility, as he might be accused of carrrying on the business (kidnapping, suggested Mr. Brown.) No, said witness, that's what you call it; the woman would have run off if it had got out; I heard his name was Gloucester, that gave the information; I saw him three times; once on the street; I don't recollect to have seen him oftener than three times, I have never been in his house; I have been to a house where I heard he lived; it is at the junction of Fifth and Germantown Road; I went with the police to identify the woman in the house where I understood he lived in the upper part; I gave a pledge not to disclose the matter; it was not in writing by me; it is the custom in our country where two persons write, we say I instead of we: that's what I meant yesterday; I made a personal pledge to Gloucester in our room last week at Congress Hall; Mr. Henry and I think Mr. Bowen were present; I don't recollect the conversation; he said he was afraid of being abused by the population of his own color for telling that this girl ran away from Dr. Geo Purnell; I believe that was all; those letters went on to make statements that she ran away from the Doctor, as he had often heard her say so, and that her mother was named Sarah; he described her; I understood that Louisa Truth was Gloucester's wife; I did not see her I did not pay him; the pay was conditioned, understand me Squire, the pay was on condition if they were taken, and they proved to be our property and we got them back; our honor was to bind us; no other obligations than our word that I know of; I don't know of any other correspondence than I have spoken of; I heard that it was burnt; I heard that Gloucester was badly abused last night; Purnell told me so; I lived here in 1818 and '19, with Samuel P. Garrigues; I was a house carpenter and farmer in Worcester; I know the other Mr. Bowen; have known him since he was overseer for Dr. Purnell; it was in 1826; he did visit at my house; I went often to where he lived; the woman I speak of escaped in 1828; she was with me about 9 months; I don't know how much was refunded to me of her hire; I have seen her three times in court and once before; I know of no marks she has about her, she was in a certain condition of married women when she left me; it was the particular favor of her father and mother that made me recognize her; nothing else; she was pretty well built for her size; she is larger and fatter now than then; I have not seen her since, until the morning she was arrested; there were two women in the room; one younger and the other older; one about 35; if there had been 20 there, I would have known her.

I was taken there to see the woman described as living there; I did not see her; the agent was not along that time; I went to see the woman described in the letters; there was no person with me; I went ahead; the police were behind. I went at the solicitation of my friend; I had seen Gloucester two days before; he described her as a healthy good looking woman; I found her so; I would have known her if there had been fifty there; I did not tell Gloucester she answered the description; I have not seen him since; I don't know when Dr. P. died; I can't tell the year; I should suppose about 14 years ago; I was at the funeral, and helped to make his coffin; it was in the fall, I think; it was after the camp-meeting I spoke of; at that time I went regularly, but not of late; I have no certain recollection of the year he died; I kept a record of the event of my conversion, and have referred to it often; it has been a reference every year, and perhaps a thousand times a year; it was in the Bible, and I was in the habit of looking into it; I was in the habit of turning over the leaves of this precious book; I think it was 18 years ago; can't say I'm certain; can't say it was more than 12 years; Dr. P. left six children; two remain in our county and one in Louisiana, and the one who is here, making four; the age of the youngest child, at his death, I don't know; the age of the eldest I don't know; I don't know the age of any of them; the apparent age of the youngest was, just cleverly grown, about 15 or 16; their names are Hetty, Henrietta, George W., William J., Sally Mary, James, Elisha; James and Elisha are dead; Sally Mary, John and Hetty are living in our county; George W. lives in Louisiana; I have no interest in the fugitive; I made no contract in regard to this case; the reason I hesitated so long, was because I was reflecting upon the subject; there was an offer; are you waiting for an answer; the offer was this, that I was to come on after my fugitive, and if I did not get him, they were to pay my expenses, I hesitated about coming; it was a long time before I made up my mind; they said they would pay my expenses, if I did not succeed, in getting mine out of prison, if I did succeed I was to pay my own expenses; there was another inducement; I had a daughter there under a physician, and I wanted to see her; I mean by them, Mr. Henry and Mr. Purnell; Henry married Mr. Purnell's sister; the names of the women I found with the fugitive were Mahala Richardson, and the other I don't recollect; the name of the fugitive I have heard was Williams; this man, called Gloucester, told me so; I heard it called different yesterday in Court. I was a little excited yesterday, not being in the habit of being before Court; Gloucester said her name was Phœbe Williams; the other woman answered to the name of Mahala Richardson and not the one I claimed.

Zachariah Bowen, recalled.—I did'nt come here on any terms; I hardly understand what you mean by terms. I made no contract; I had an understanding of the footing upon which I was to come; I came upon my own hook; there was no contract; I have no expectations; I don't know that Dr. P. ever manumitted any female slaves; I never knew she was in the family way when she ran away; I heard of it about that time; she ran off in the fall of 1828; Dr. P. told me so; in the fall of '28; in 1825, 6 and 7, she lived with my brother; in '25 I lived there; in '27 and '28 I lived with Dr. P.; I moved there and was overseer for him; I was overseer for 15 years for him; two years at his house; I ceased to be his overseer in 1841 I think; he was living in 1841; I am certain of that year I think; Dr. Purnell died in 1844, I feel certain; I said to Mr. Purnell that I did not know what ailed the other Mr. Bowen, for the Doctor died in 1844, he died in the latter part of the spring of '44; Mr. Bowen made a mistake in saying it was 18 years ago; if you recall him he will rectify the mistake I think; several slaves escaped from Dr. P.; a boy that lived with my brother ran away in '27; the others that were not hired to my brother I don't know that I could tell the exact time nor the year; the Dr. used to say to us, there is another of my niggers run away; the reason I can tell when Mahala ran away, is because she took a husband and ran away; was married that year; there was a current talk about the other, is because they went at different times in 5 years; the first who ran away before Mahala was named Grace; she went in 1827; I don't know when the last went, nor who it was; I was spoken to about coming here last Tuesday two weeks; Mr. Purnell called upon me to come; he didn't tell me he wanted me for certain; he wanted to know whether I could recognize Mahala; he didn't say he corresponded about her; he didn't say he had received a letter describing Mahala; I don't know about a letter; he said he had been corresponding with a person in Philadelphia, who went by the name of Euphemia Williams, who stated that there was another negro woman lived in the same house, who knew one of them said to the other, "you are no better than I am, for I have seen you in old Dr. Purnell's field many a time; he did not tell me who let him know this; he did not tell me what sort of a woman was described in the letter, either before or after I came on here; I don't think she was described; she was not spoken of to me by anybody; I heard the correspondent of Mr. P. speak of her before I saw her; he was speaking to Mr. P; it was, I think, last Wednesday or Thursday night week, in our room at Congress Hall; Mr. P. asked him if this woman would be at home, so that some of us could get to see her; the person told Mr. P she was hardly ever at home after six in the morning; that she went out early to work, but would be in about 12 o'clock; that's all the conversation that took place on that part; I mean that Mr. P wanted to know when she would be at home two or three days we were trying to get an opportunity to see her, to see if she was the person we wanted and if not Mr Purnell did not want to have her arrested; from the man in prison, who ran away with her, we believed it to be her; we heard he was in prison from Gloucester; I did not calculate it was the woman at all; the master of the man in prison went to see him there, and said he was certain he was his servant; Gloucester did not stay long at our room in Congress Hall; he understood me in a hurried way; I did not see him every time he came down to see Mr. P. I heard Mr. P speak of his being down; I have been at Taylor & Pauldings several times; I was never there in reference to this case; I have been there with Mr. P. Do you mean to say whether I was there with Gloucester? I was never there talking about this case when Gloucester was there. I was there with Mr. Purnell, Bowen and Henry; that was not the only place I have been since I have been in the city. Mr. Taylor and several of his clerks are from our county; I am acquainted with them. I have been with the gentlemen spoken of at that store, and have met them there. I have been there since the girl wrs arrested; I don't know the object of their visit there; I did not speak of this woman while there, nor hear them speak of her; I have never seen Paulding at our room in Congress Hall, but saw Taylor there the last time either on Wednesday or Thursday. I was not in the room five minutes after he came. I don't know the subject of conversation between them. I saw Gloucester last night at our room; about this case nothing was said. Gloucester had a case of his own. Yes; Gloucester said they had raised a mob on him on account of the case, and he would have to leave the city. The case of this woman or these proceedings was not spoken of there; he stayed but a short time; he said one of the witnesses had betrayed him in Court yesterday, and they attacked him last night. I asked him how he escaped from so many; he said very few were in this city could outrun him. I asked him where he was going; he replied he had a notion to put for Canada. Some of the gentlemen proposed his going to Baltimore; he said that would not do, as the laws of Maryland would catch him; he was going to get a boat and go to Jersey, and then to New York. Mr. P. gave him first $35 last night; he paused awhile, and Mr. P told him to hand it back; he then took out his money and put some more to it, and said, "here is fifty dollars." Mr. P said that if he got the slave he would leave fifty dollars more with a person in this city. Mr. Robt Bowen was not there, I believe. I did not tell him that money had been given. I spoke to Mr. Bowen first; I asked him if he had heard about the man being mobbed. Mr. Taylor was not present. Mr. Burroughs, from our part of the country, was there. Mr. Massey, a clerk in Taylor & Paulding's, was there; he does not reside here; there were two Mr. Masseys' there; I don't know that they were both there at the time; I don't know of a letter passing between Worcester and Philadelphia; not heard of it in reference to the alleged slave until the Tuesday before I left home; I heard Mr. P say that he had correspondence with a person here for two months about these slaves; Dr. P. sold two slaves while I was with him; he sold them in 1826, the first year I was with him, out of the county I have heard; I know of no slaves sold after his death, nor of sales of slaves either in his possession or out of it.

Question by the Judge—You have spoken of a conversation in which Mr. P told you of certain letters or correspondence, and that they had reference to this alleged fugitive. I want you to give me, to the best of your recollection, everything he said the letters contained.

Witness—Mr. P told me, when he first mentioned it to me he said he was going to mention something to me that he did not want anything said about in regard to some negroes that had run away from his father; he said he wanted me to come on here, and he did not want me to tell any person before we left our county; that if the negroes heard of it, they could get information to the parties before he could get here; I told him I would not tell any person except my wife, he then said he had correspondence with a person here for a month or two, and he had no doubt but that several of his negroes were here from what he had heard from his correspondent, he asked me if I could recognize the favor of this Mahala; I told him I didn't know; he then said that if anybody would know her I would, as she had lived with my brother 3 years; he then said that he would want to start the next week, but he would see me again at that time; that was all he said at that time, only we turned into a hotel, and he said don't breathe this to any body; on Saturday, before we left home, he came to my house and said, well, I shall want you to start for Philadelphia on Monday morning, I suppose you will go; I told him I would rather not, if he could do without me; but as I told him before that I would go, if he still requested it, I would go; that's all, sir, except that I said I would be along in the stage.

By the Judge—Did he ever give you a further statement of what the letters contained than you have given or did he inform you that the correspondence related to the particular slave? Did he inform you in what manner the negroes were described that he inferred they were his.

He did not at the time: I am not certain whether it was before or after we came here that Mr. P. told me that the boy who was in prison must be the boy and the woman described in the letter were the same two that ran away. Upon reflection, he did say something that brought these slaves more particularly to my mind than the others who ran away. I think he said that from the description given in the letter the person described must be Mahala, from the change of the name of the boy in prison.

By the Judge—As there was one Mahala Richardson in the house, how could he suppose this was the one?

Witness—That Mahala was set free some time ago; when this woman was taken she called to Mahala to help her; I do not know precisely what he said about this one; he asked me about another one named Grace; he told me that Grace lived upon the Jersey side; he said the letter so informed him; the letters contained information that this Mahala and the children were hers, and that his lawyer told him that nothing could prevent him from getting the whole of them, and that one of his brother's niggers was over in Jersey; I was never a witness in Court before or could be more particular; the conversation between another negro and Mahala was stated in the letter; the quarrel was spoken of; the letter said that Mahala Richardson called the fugitive Mahala Purnell; this woman was known as Mahala Purnell among the niggers; we never called her so; it is usual for them to take their masters; we never give them the whole name; she was called there by black people Mahala Purnell; I am not certain whether this quarrel was referred to any further than I have said; that was communicated to me by Mr. P. in Worcester; I am not certain that he said she was called Mahala Purnell; he said that she had been here so many years and had so many children, and as she was in the family way when she left that he had no doubt it was the same person; he did not say this was in the letter; he did tell me he knew she had so many children by the correspondence; he did not say positively it was her; but thought it was her by the description: he told me the first letter wrote was to Jenkins Henry from Louisa Smith; the information about the quarrel was given in Smith's letter; there was something in the letter that said that there was another girl that lived in the same house named Mahala Richardson, and as there was a girl from our neighbourhood by that name we thought it might be her.

The Judge said he would like to have something more definite from the witness.

Questions by Mr. Brown.

Witness—I have no other way to think that Mahala had so many children but from his correspondent: he said he was informed she had six children; I don't know what became of the letter; the Henry who received the letter has not been here; I have not seen him since; last night we did not speak of the letters that were received from Truitt; I did not hear Mr. P. ask Gloucester for the letter that had been written to Truitt; Purnell said he had burnt up the letters, and that they had been called for in Court; he told Gloucester so; I don't know that letters were mentioned while Gloscester was there; Gloucester was there last night, but I don't know that it was while the letters were spoken of; I dont know about M. P.'s asking Gloucester for the letter he had written; something was said about letters being demanded in Court; I saw Mr. P. put one letter in the fire, but not last night; he said he had burnt the others; I said I never had seen a letter in Worcester; I saw a letter since I have been here; it was last Thursday a week; it was burnt that afternoon or night by Mr. P. in the fire place in our room.

I don't know why it was burnt; Mr. P. did not say why; I thought it was a letter from that correspondent, but did not hear Mr. P. say it was; the reason I suppose he burnt it, was because we or he did not want any person to know what we were here for, as her friends might convey information to her to enable her to escape; I supposed it was the letter, because the yellow fellow spoke of, brought news to our room several times; the reason I had for supposing it related to the woman, was because we went to get officers to make the arrest; somebody might have got hold of it; it was not burnt I think to prevent its being brought here to give the description furnished; the black fellow did not, in my presence, request Mr. P. to burn it; he did not say he did, but he promised not to give his name; Mr. P. and Mr. Henry stepped off a piece, and read it over, and then Mr. P. said I will burn it; they did not read it out; I believed that the letter was something relative to this fugitive; that was the purport of it; I never saw the inside of it; they talked to each other low, afterwards he walked to the fire place and put it in the fire; because every business we have done, we have let be known, except about the slave, which we have kept quiet, until we could get her arrested; the fact of his burning the letter led me to suppose it related to her; I did not ask him what it related to; I don't know how it could get out of his pocket if he kept it there, and why it was necessary to burn it; I don't know that Mahala was advertised.

By the Judge—You mentioned last night that the letter had been called for in Court, and that it had been burnt. Did you say so?

Witness—Yes; Mr. Burbage and Mr. Massey were present last night at this conversation; they were present in Court yesterday when Mr. Purnell rose and said it was burnt; I don't know why it was necessary to tell them again what they already knew; I did not hear Purnell ask Gloucester for the letter he had written to him for the purpose of giving information in Court; Gloucester left our room between 9 and 10 o'clock last night; I think it was the woman who left; I did not see him every time he came down to see Mr. P. I heard Mr. P speak of his being down; I have been at Taylor & Pauldings several times; I was never there in reference to this case; I have been there with Mr. P. Do you mean to say whether I was there with Gloucester? I was never there talking about this case when Gloucester was there. I was there with Mr. Purnell, Bowen and Henry; that was not the only place I have been since I have been in the city. Mr. Taylor and several of his clerks are from our county; I am acquainted with them. I have been with the gentlemen spoken of at that store, and have met them there. I have been there since the girl wrs arrested; I don't know the object of their visit there; I did not speak of this woman while there, nor hear them speak of her; I have never seen Paulding at our room in Congress Hall, but saw Taylor there the last time either on Wednesday or Thursday. I was not in the room five minutes after he came. I don't know the subject of conversation between them. I saw Gloucester last night at our room; about this case nothing was said. Gloucester had a case of his own. Yes; Gloucester said they had raised a mob on him on account of the case, and he would have to leave the city. The case of this woman or these proceedings was not spoken of there; he stayed but a short time; he said one of the witnesses had betrayed him in Court yesterday, and they attacked him last night. I asked him how he escaped from so many; he said very few were in this city could outrun him. I asked him where he was going; he replied he had a notion to put for Canada. Some of the gentlemen proposed his going to Baltimore; he said that would not do, as the laws of Maryland would catch him; he was going to get a boat and go to Jersey, and then to New York. Mr. P. gave him first $35 last night; he paused awhile, and Mr. P told him to hand it back; he then took out his money and put some more to it, and said, "here is fifty dollars." Mr. P said that if he got the slave he would leave fifty dollars more with a person in this city. Mr. Robt Bowen was not there, I believe. I did not tell him that money had been given. I spoke to Mr. Bowen first; I asked him if he had heard about the man being mobbed. Mr. Taylor was not present. Mr. Burroughs, from our part of the country, was there. Mr. Massey, a clerk in Taylor & Paulding's, was there; he does not reside here; there were two Mr. Masseys' there; I don't know that they were both there at the time; I don't know of a letter passing between Worcester and Philadelphia; not heard of it in reference to the alleged slave until the Tuesday before I left home; I heard Mr. P say that he had correspondence with a person here for two months about these slaves; Dr. P. sold two slaves while I was with him; he sold them in 1826, the first year I was with him, out of the county I have heard; I know of no slaves sold after his death, nor of sales of slaves either in his possession or out of it.

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I have heard she had six children; the oldest is 18 or 19 years of age, and the youngest is a sucking babe I have been at their house since they came here; I lived with Mr. Biddle awhile since 1830; three years after I went to my trade; since then I went in business for myself; Mr. Latta and wife are both dead; I went there after witness on Thursday last. [The cross examination elicited nothing; the testimony of the witness was unshaken.]

John Cornish, sworn—I am a brother of Henry, younger by two years; I was born in Coventry, near Chester County Valley; my father died some six or seven years ago; I have lived in this city more than 12 years; I am a cordwainer; I have seen the person before I first saw her at Rev. Wm Latta's; I have known her since I was a boy; we both lived there; she was the cook.

This witness substantiated his brother's evidence in all material points. He, however, had not seen the woman for 14 years. The cross examination produced no effect.

Deborah Ann Boyer, colored, sworn—I was 33 years of age last January; I live within a mile of Westchester; I am married; I have lived in this city since 1835; I have seen this woman before, at Downingtown, at mother's, before I had gone to Westchester; she came to mother's in 1826; I had a brother born in the same year; I remember it from that; I do not know how long she was there; she was there during mother's confinement; my brother is dead; he was named George; his death is recorded in my Testament; I noticed the record some two weeks since; I was looking for something else; I have seen this woman more or less till two years back; I don't remember her; she left mother's, but I saw her at Mr. Latta's; I have no doubt of her identity; she is heavier now than then.

Cross examined by Mr. M'Murtrie—The prisoner was not old enough to marry when I first knew her; I don't know her husband's name; she looks stouter than when I first knew her; I know she is the same woman; I would recognize her anywhere.

Question by Mr. M'Murtrie—Would you recognize her if you had not seen her occasionally?

The Judge remarked that he thought it was an unfair question. It was a question in physiology, which none but an expert could answer.

The Witness—I do not recollect any peculiarity about her when young; I do not remember where she came from when she came to our house, or whether my mother sent for her; I don't remember how long after that I saw her at Mr. Latta's. She was not married then.

Sarah Gayley, (colored,) affirmed—I am between 47 and 48 years of age; I live in Philadelphia; I was raised in Chester County; lived there in 1824; have lived between four and five years in this city; lived in Westchester before I came to Philadelphia; I know the prisoner; I first saw her in the neighborhood of Downingtown; I lived at the stage office there; I worked in the house with her; I first saw her about 1824, shortly before La Fayette came here; she was a small girl when I first saw her; she was younger than me, and thin; I met her in the Valley in 1826; I have visited her at Mr. Latta's; don't know how long she lived there; it was after she lived at the Valley; I have no doubt of her identity; she belonged to the same church.

I knew the brothers Cornish; have whipped them many a time; I lived at Mr. Latta's when Henry Cornish lived there; she lived there before I went there; don't know when she got married

This witness then underwent a strict cross examination, but nothing new was elicited, excepting that allusion was made to a scar which the witness said the prisoner had on her forehead; witness had one similar to it, and they had, she said, frequently made fun of each other about them. The Court desired the witness and prisoner to come forward to the bench; their foreheads were examined, and the scars found there as described.

When the prisoner went to the bench, she left her infant child in the care of a friend; the little one screamed most lustily. The whole scene brought tears in the eyes of more than one of the fair sympathisers with whom the room was crowded.

Judge Kane said that unless the evidence adduced could be met, he was prepared to decide for the respondent. The counsel for the claimant said that they were prepared to prove that the husband of the alleged fugitive was himself a fugitive, and named Micajah.

The judge said that he made the suggestion in order to prevent the consumption of time. The evidence for the prisoner seemed to him conclusive unless answered.

Mr. McMurtrie argued that the Judge was only to hear the evidence as in the case of a fugitive from justice to establish identity; he was to determine whether there was sufficient evidence to send the fugitive to Maryland; the Courts there would try the question of freedom.

The Judge said such a view of the case was altogether untenable.

Mr. McMurtrie then repeated his offer to show the credibility of his witnesses. He then took up the evidence for the defendant, and contended it did not shake the claimant's evidence; that the witnesses differed in material facts as to the time when they knew the prisoner, and other matters. He thought that the Judge should only look to the question whether there was sufficient evidence to send the prisoner home to Maryland for trial.

Mr. Brown answered him, and used up the claimant and his witnesses essentially. With burning invective he noticed their destroying of letters after they had come to this city; their tergiversations and clandestine movements here; their conferences with Gloucester; their neglect to call him, and to call Mahala Richardson, and other matters, which produced a marked effect.

Mr. McMurtrie replied briefly, reaffirming his former propositions

The Judge went over the evidence at length He spoke of the great difficulty of identifying a person after twenty-four years lapse of time, and noticed the opinion of physiologists on the subject. He said that the witnesses for the defence aided this doubt, and made the fact overwhelmingly clear that the prisoner was not the person claimed. The witnesses were intelligent, and their evidence conclusively proved that at the time the slave Mahala was in Maryland, the prisoner was in Pennsylvania. There could be no question but that the weight of the evidence preponderated in favor of the prisoner. She was therefore discharged.

An attempt at applause in the court room was promptly suppressed, but when the news reached the crowd of colored people below, there was a glad shout raised, which was unmistakeable in the sincerity of its fervor.

The prisoner was taken away with her family; the speculators departed, and, we presume, the claimant will go his way to Maryland, to digest his mortification as best he may.

We may state that if the decision had been adverse to the prisoner, if money would have bought her, she would not have been sent back. H. C. Townsend and T. C. Rockhill, Esquires, before the hearing was concluded, tendered to D. P. Brown a check for $500 each. Mr. Brown informed them that it was not likely to be wanted. A sum twice as large could have been easily raised.

The woman, after she was released, was taken, with her children, to the headquarters of the colored people—the Philadelphia Institute—in Lombard street, above Seventh. Here she was introduced, speeches were made, huzzas indulged in, and the greatest excitement manifested. The same wild feeling was shown by the colored population throughout the lower part of the country.

After this jubilee, there was a new feature; the hor

If the managers of the Boston meetings do really, as they pretend, think Mrs. F. insane, then let them take special pains to avoid exciting her; they should even go out of their way to treat her with extra kindness. Instead of this, the police have been called, blood-stained as they are, and "the unfortunate woman" has been dragged with ruthless violence and mobocratic fury to a felon's dungeon. After such a conflict her noble form has been laid prostrate, and in the midst of her suffering she has, like the Son of God, implored the forgiveness of heaven upon her persecutors, because they knew not what they did.

The days when Garrison wore the halter through the streets of Boston have gone by. The shock which all good men felt from that fact is only *remembered*. The progress of the cause has been such that free speech is acknowledged everywhere in the North. But now a woman who is conscientiously bound to rebuke the faults of the Abolitionists is, by the direction of the same baltered Garrison and his associates put in like peril by the same violent hands which have dragged her from their *free* meetings. But who cares or speaks a word for her? All is dead silence except here and there a protest from a man or woman possessing a better faith.

But I must revert to another statement of your correspondent. He says:—"This is now so well understood (the settlement,) that the unfortunate person who has given us so much trouble in times past, though present was quiet in the main, and was only excited to a partial disturbance just before adjourning, by the malicious instigation of a vain and ill-disposed woman, who was not contented with an ample opportunity to make herself odious and ridiculous on the platform; aided by a disorderly man in the gallery." He then adds:—"As this meeting was then on the point of adjournment when this disturbance was created, it was not thought necessary to remove the unhappy lunatic in question, which would have been done, at an earlier stage of the proceedings."

Had Mr. Quincy stated facts as they occurred, instead of following the example of the vulgar city press, which resorts to falsehood and misrepresentation when they wish to slander the Abolitionists, I should have no occasion to attempt this defence of myself and Mrs. F. The facts then are these. On the first day of the meeting Mrs. F made a few remarks at a time when she thought the rights of another invaded. I was not present during that day. The second day of the meetings I was present, but made no attempt to speak except in one instance, when a gentleman was making a very long speech; I suggested to him the propriety of bringing it to a close. Mrs. F said nothing during that day. The last day of the meetings I went upon the platform in the morning, but said nothing to Mrs. F. about coming there, or about her taking any part in the discussions of the day. After I had been on the platform some time, Mrs. F. came up, and asked me to write her a resolution This I excused myself from doing, as I was preparing some notes for myself. She sat down, wrote a resolution on the freedom of speech, and passed it to me to read. I told her my attention was engaged toward other subjects, and there the matter dropped. After a speech from Rev. Mr. Locke, of Barre, I took the stand and spoke to the audience for some time, being interrupted only once by Mr. Quincy, and once by Mr. Buffum, to introduce the subject of finance. Mr. B. commenced his subscription about the house, and I continued,—showing how woman can sympathize with the slave, from the fact that her condition has been much like Slavery, and how sublime is her action when she runs away from those forms of society which have enslaved her; showing the enormity of the crime of obstructing the way of the slave, while he seeks freedom by fleeing to the North, or of sending him back to bondage. I spoke of the guilt of Dr. Sharpe, Professor Stewart, Daniel Webster, and of the leaders of the people in their infamous support of the Fugitive Slave Law. The infatuation of the people in clinging to the Church and clergy was spoken of as a *spell*, which must be broken, in order to bring their strength to the support of this cause. It will be seen here that for *doing* what Mr. Quincy and his associates have long claimed as the *right* of woman to *do*, he has seen fit to debase himself by calling me "malicious," "vain," and "ill-disposed"; "making myself odious and ridiculous." These epithets savor not a little of the "*malicious*" in the spirit of Mr. Q. Some time after I closed my speech, Mrs. F. asked and was granted the right to read her resolution, which was received by the Secretary. Other resolutions being up for consideration, this was passed for the time, and its author remained quiet. That all might be harmonious in the afternoon, I went to the chairman at the close of the morning meeting, expressed my satisfaction at the harmony that existed, and also the quiet and lady-like appearance of Mrs. F. I expressed the opinion to him that it would be better to take up her resolution and dispose of it, than to pass it by entirely, which I thought might have a tendency to raise excitement in her mind. Nothing more was said about the matter between myself and Mrs. F. or any other persons, till in the afternoon meeting she requested me to do her the favor to move the consideration of her resolution, which I did at a proper time, not doubting but that the whole matter would be harmoniously disposed of. But the managers of the meeting saw fit to give the matter the go-by. Finding this to be their policy, Mrs. F. attempted to speak to the resolution then under discussion. She was stopped by Buffum, who wished to speak a *minute* on finance. Buffum spoke from a quarter to half an hour, Mrs. F. standing all the while to keep the floor. While Buffum was speaking, Quincy went to Phillips, down in the audience; Phillips went to the platform, and the instant Buffum closed commenced speaking. Mrs. F. addressing the chairman at the same time. As *might* makes *right*, Mr. Phillips was declared to have the floor. I protested, and claimed that it was Mrs. F.'s right to speak at that time. But she took her seat, and Mr. P. made *half* a speech; called up a man from Plymouth. After him Phillips claimed the floor, to finish his speech. I asked him to give way to me for a little time. This he declined at first, but at length consented; and I told the audience that I protested against the trick resorted to to prevent Mrs. F. from speaking as being of a character like the jugglery and management resorted to by the basest politicians and clerical organizations. My protest was seconded by John Orvis, who Mr. Quincy represents as "a disorderly man in the gallery," and by Mrs. A. Bronson Alcott who spoke, and sent up her most decided condemnation of the transaction, to be read from the platform.

The Convention closed, and *then* Mrs. F. was seized (by whose orders I am unable to say) by a rough rowdy, and dragged violently, to be forced from the house, which was prevented by the interference of myself and several other women and men. At this stage of events, I was seized violently by Jas. N. Buffum, from whose power I was rescued by persons making no such high professions of goodness as his.

Now, Mr. Editor, I claim to be an Abolitionist who has never faltered, even in the hottest of the contest. For this cause of Human Rights, I have suffered the loss of all things; I have stood by Mr. Garrison and his associates till I have fully secured the hate of the church and clergy, and been deemed by the world as the chief of Anti-Slavery sinners. I am still ready to labor and suffer, side by side, with all who truly labor for the redemption of the slave until his freedom is secured. Why, then, am I stigmatized by such scandalous epithets as Quincy has seen fit to pour out upon the head of a humble woman.

But instead of the repulsive character which he has given to my remarks, they were complimented by very many persons, as doing honor to myself and the cause. But these charges from the leaders grow out of the fact that I will rebuke their sins and oppressions, as I do those of the slaveholder and his apologist. I am not alone in seeing and condemning these wrongs; only, while others talk of them in private, I tell the offenders against right, to their face, all I have to say of them, for the purpose of securing justice. I hope our friends will learn to treat all persons who go to their meetings, and who wish to utter a thought there, with the spirit of that freedom for which they contend—giving the PEOPLE their rights as well as the *leaders*; and I doubt not they will save themselves all the troubles into which they have hertofore fallen.

I have said this much in justice to myself, to my friends and the cause of Equal Liberty.

Yours respectfully,

SARAH C. REDLON.

Domestic Correspondence.

From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXX.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent falleth back on the Weather — This Winter — His opinion on Meteorological Progress—On Heresies in Heat—His Experience at Andover—His three Revivals—His tastes—His hopes of good company—Marshal Devens —Marshal Tallmadge — Mr. Devens' "alacrity" doubted—In Craft's case—The later case—The N. Y. Committee—Foxes and Wolves—The opinions of this Slave—Richard Turpin quoted — Reputed Substitution—The Candidates for the Succession—The Correspondent ready with his advice—He groweth consolatory — He preacheth — New attempt to elect Senator—Chances!—Democratic rage—Magicians and Magic—Rejection of Mr. Bowen, &c. &c.*

BOSTON, Feb. 10, 1851.

NOT much of mark has happened in this city and the region round about since you were made happy by my last letter, a fortnight ago. So little that I fear I shall have to fall back upon the reserved right which every man has to abuse the weather. It has vindicated the old reputation of a New Eugland winter, There is a class of philosophers who hold that our winters are mitigating and shortening, and who explain the phenomenon by a variety of hypotheses. But before the hypotheses are examined, perhaps it would be well to establish the fact. If the winters did indeed use to be more bitter in the old time than now, I certainly am not one of those who will ask, "wherefore were the former days better than these?" I don't believe, for one, that they were any better out of doors; and they certainly were not as good within them. I admit all that can be said in reprobation of the modern heresies of furnaces and air-tight stoves, and in favor of the good old ortfiodox doctrine of wood fires. I quite agree with the late Lord Byron, both in his opinion and his limitation of the same:

"I love a sea-coal fire, when not too dear!"

But, at the same time, I have a strong impression that people are much more comfortable now-a-days than they used to be even within my young remembrance. I think I would have forgiven even an Air-tight had it made its appearance in my old room at school, where, after the most straitest sect of our religion, I was brought up at Andover. As I remember it, it was like a fragment of the Polar regions *iced*. Perhaps it helped to carry me through *three* Revivals unsaved; for I recollect that I never hesitated to avow my predilection for the warmer of the two abodes appointed for the residence of departed spirits in preference to that generally selected. But, then, I always had a knack at getting on the unpopular side. Perhaps, however, should I persevere and finally accomplish this destiny, I may find myself for once in the majority. And, certainly, if the Devil have his due, I shall find myself in most worshipful and reverend company.

It is said that our U. States Marshal, Mr. Devens, sometimes called of men General, is in danger of being removed from office on the ground that he has not performed his "constitutional duty with the alacrity" which has distinguished the Marshals of New York and Pennsylvania. By the way, can your Marshal Tallmadge be a son or grandson of Colonel Tallmadge of the Revolution? To what base uses honorable blood may come at last! It need not have "crept through scoundrels ever since the flood" to make a very pretty rascal. A generation or two is enough to turn the representative of a soldier of liberty into a dirty slave-catcher. But to return to Marshal Devens. The blame of there having been no slave caught in Boston seems to be gathered upon his devoted head. There was an attempt, as I believe I told you at the time, to have him decapitated for not restoring the Crafts to the patriarchal bosoms they had ignorantly fled from in Macon. But as he was ready to arrest Craft if Hughes or Knight would point him out, President Fillmore thought the request, although it came from the right side of the line, a little on the wrong side of reasonable It seemed hardly fair to oblige the Marshal to know every fugitive slave within his District by sight. It is the right of every free born American to choose his company; and though it is very likely even Marshals keep worse company sometimes than that of fugitive slaves, they ought not to be compelled to confine themselves to it. And nothing less than this would suffice to satisfy the stringency of such a requisition. It is not impossible, to be sure, that the knowledge that the attempt might send him on a longer journey than he would be allowed travel for might have operated to cool his Constitutional ardor.

"——————— Five bits of lead,
Or two, or one, send very, very far!"

And Craft had at least *six* at the service of whomsoever might benevolently assist at restoring him to happiness against his will.

But although he escaped the guillotine at that time, I imagine that he has been looked upon as rather "*fishy*," and a good occasion would not be pretermitted for supplying his place with one more penetrated with a sense of his slave-catching duty. Two or three weeks ago it was rumored that there was another slave hunt on foot in Boston. I do not know who the Nimrod was, the mighty hunter whose game was Man, but it was reported and believed that the whipper-in of the pack was a New York lawyer, sent on by the Sporting gentlemen who constitute your Slave-catching Committee. Now, a warrant was issued, the Marshal appointed special deputies (one, a man who had been dismissed from the Police force for misconduct), the quarry was started; but, somehow or another, it was never caught. The huntsmen, whether at fault or not, were disappointed. Your New York foxes (*wolves* would answer the purpose of the apologue quite as well) failed for this time, in getting our tails chopped off to keep them company in their nakedness. And the blame, it seems, is laid on the shoulders of Marshal Devens. I do not pretend to know the exact particulars of the case. But it is understood that the slave in question was of Craft's way of thinking, and that he was prepared with the same persuasives that Turpin found effectual with the Bishop's coachman:

"But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
And *purwailed* on him to stop."

And that this was so well understood that the Marshal and his men thought discretion the better part of valor. One report, also, was that the real Simon Pure was withdrawn from the field and his place supplied by so good an imitation of the real article that the workmen in the same shop did not know the difference.—This Sosia was prepared to defend himself up to the last if Marshal Devens or any one else undertook to make a slave of him. And, of course, it would have been justifiable homicide, had homicide ensued. This, however, if true, did not transpire until after the pursuit was abandoned.

On this statement of facts, it is understood that a complaint has been entered against the Marshal, and that he has gone on to head quarters to justify himself. I think he will not be able to do it and that he will have to give place to a worthier successor. City Marshal Tukey and Deputy Sheriff Watson Freeman, who distinguished himself by the constitutional courtesy with which he treated Hughes and Knight under the affliction which was traitorously visited upon them by the Vigilance Committee, are said to be the two prominent candidates. I shall recommend either of them as eminently worthy of this post of danger and of honor, when President Fillmore applies to me for my advice. And the appointment of either of these gentlemen would be attended by this incidental advantage, that, should the successful candidate, whichever he may be, fall in the discharge of his duty, there are perhaps no men whose loss would be met with more fortitude or endured with greater resignation, than theirs, or that of either of them, by the Community in which they live. This fugitive slave business is making manifest the strange anomalies of our political condition. We turn up our noses at the monarchies of Europe and have the impudence to propose to try and make the Heathen as bad as ourselves. We profess to be civilized, and so we are, in a sort of snobbish, semi-barbarous way, and yet we have a nation within ourselves, as many as we were at the time of the Revolution, who are in a perfect state of nature as to their rights. They have no protection or redress, but such as they can achieve by their own right arms. The natural right of the Slave to Escape and to Insurrection is admitted, I believe, by Slaveholders themselves,—certainly by implication, if not in direct words. The natural right of an escaped slave to resist his captor to the death will hardly be controverted by any free and independent American. His right is as perfect as that of his ancestor in Africa to defend himself from the Slavecatcher there. The simple question he has to ask himself is, "had I rather die on a Northern gallows or live on a Southern plantation?" Should he decide deliberately on the first alternative, who would blame him? Who, even of those that might assist at putting him to death according to law, would think that he had committed any crime? That he was not as worthy of reverence and honor as any of the heroes who have preferred death to Slavery?

But this is too much like preaching. "*Paulo minora canamus.*" Let us attend to smaller matters. There has been another unsuccessful attempt to elect Mr. Sumner to the Senate. He came nearer to success than at any former time. On one ballot he lacked only two, and on the other but three, of a majority. If all the Free Soilers had been present, he would have been chosen. There is a report that one man chosen as a Free Soiler voted for Mr. Winthrop. But for this I do not vouch, nor did I hear his name. The Free Soilers and the portion of the Democrats that act with them in good faith, are still confident of final success. But I apprehend there will always be the necessary *one* or *two* either conveniently ill or absent or treacherous. The Post and Hallet wing of the Democrats are almost beside themselves with rage and fear. Their papers foam at the mouth and talk like things possessed, in the view of anybody but a slavecatching Whig or Democrat being sent to the Senate from Massachusetts. But so much the better fun for the bystanders. By the way, is it not a curious concatenation by which a Whig has been elected by Democratic votes in Missouri and a Democrat by Whig votes in Rhode Island?—There is a master's hand in all this. Martin Van Buren was not the only, if he were the least, Magician that this country has known. There are others capable of stirring up the cauldron and evoking strange devils from its steam. Whether the newest attempt of our sorcerers that of hewing in pieces their old political mothers in the expectation of making a new one, or answering their purpose better, out of the fragments remains to be seen. I rather think that the old beldame Democracy will be more than a match for them and that she will upset them and their cauldron together. But this is aside from my duties as a Correspondent.

You will have seen, ere this, the rejection of Mr. Bowen by the Overseers of Harvard College, as Professor of History. This body consists of the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Council, Senate, Speaker of the House and fifteen clerical and fifteen lay members.—The former are "temporaries," the latter are "permanencies." The objection to Mr. Bowen, as you know, was his attempt to justify Austria at the expense of Hungary, in the North American Review. The *coup de grace* was given him by the hand of a lady, whose exposure of his mistakes created a very general doubt as to his fitness to teach young America History.—There has been some attempt to represent this as a partizan movement. But I think it was an honest one. It is, I believe, the first instance of a nomination made by the Corporation (or Upper House of the College) being rejected by the Overseers.—D. Y.

Anti Slavery Meeting.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Ninteenth Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was held in Boston, at the Tremont Temple, commencing on Wednesday, January 22d, at 11 o'clock, A. M.; at which hour the President, FRANCIS JACKSON, of Boston, called the meeting to order.

On motion of Wendell Phillips, *Voted*, That three Assistant Secretaries, and the usual Committees of Business and of Finance, be nominated by the Chair

Samuel May, Jr., Eliza J. Kenny, of Salem, and Levi D. Smith, of Stoneham, were nominated and chosen Assistant Secretaries.

The following persons were nominated and chosen a Committee on Business: Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Anne W. Weston, Parker Pillsbury, Edmund Quincy, Charles F. Hovey, Thomas Haskell, Frances H. Drake, Charles C. Burleigh.

The following were nominated and chosen a Committee of Finance: James N. Buffum, Lewis Ford, Joshua T. Everett, Nathaniel B. Spooner, Elbridge Sprague.

The Treasurer, Samuel Philbrick, presented and read his Annual Report, which had been duly audited. The Report was accepted, and will be found in another place.

On motion of Edmund Quincy, *Voted*, That a Committee to report a list of officers of the Society for the ensuing year be now nominated by the Chair.

The following persons were nominated and chosen said Committee: Edmund Quincy, of Dedham; Effingham L. Capron, of Worcester; Bourne Spooner, of Plymouth; Joshua T. Everett, of Princeton; William Whiting, of Concord; Charles F. Hovey, of Boston; William Ashby, of Newburyport; Stillman Smith, of Norton; Benj. Snow, Jr., of Fitchburg.

Edmund Quincy presented the Annual Report of the Board of Managers, and read extracts from it.

Adjourned to 2 3-4 o'clock.

Afternoon Session.—The President called the meeting to order at the hour appointed.

Wendell Phillips, from the Committee on Business, reported the following Resolutions:

1. Resolved, That while prominent individuals and a professedly Anti-Slavery party oppose the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850 on the ground that it is unconstitutional, oppressive, and liable to gross abuse; we the abolitionists of Massachusetts, desire to have it distinctly understood that we are utterly and forever opposed to the *surrender itself* of fugitive slaves, no matter what the method may be, whether constitutional or not, whether cautiously guarded so as to protect freemen or left open to every abuse: and that CONSTITUTION OR NO CONSTITUTION, LAW OR NO LAW, we will neither aid in such return nor swear to do so, to secure the influence of any office or to avert supposed danger to any Government.

2. Resolved, That the compromises of the Constitution are one of the chief bulwarks of the slave system, an appeal to the blind prejudice in favor of which is in every critical emergency, an answer to every argument; and serves in the hands of the pulpit and the press, to confuse the conception of the plainest moral duties; and therefore, whoever seeks to make efficient war on Slavery must take the most unequivocal position in relation to these; leave no doubt of his situation in this respect; not only *treat*, but proclaim that he *intends* to treat, them, and all laws enacted in pursuance of them as null and void while they exist, and labor to overthrow the Union which rests upon them, as speedily as possible.

3. Resolved, That one of our objections to the Free Soil party is that it wears two faces To protect itself against the direct attacks of the Whigs and Democrats and of the South and gain the ear of the conservative portion of the community, it professes allegiance to the Federal Constitution; while on the other hand, to secure the sympathy of the masses, and especially of those earnest spirits upon which it must rely for aid and growth, its prominent leaders and friends allow themselves to be looked on as the refuge and protectors of the fugitive slave. In our view this is seeking to do justice by the commission of perjury, and the only merit such a party can claim is that its instincts are better than its principles; and we exhort them to show at least so much moral life, so much deference to the highest moral standard, as to attempt to explain how they can swear to do what they have no intention of doing—how they can take an oath to the Federal Constitution; an oath, the virtual breaking of which after its being deliberately taken in such circumstances as the present, is only less infamous than the keeping of it would be.

4. Resolved, That the recent Union meeting in Faneuil Hall, some of whose actors are well known to have helped fugitive slaves, and others to have refused to do their official duty in this respect, would in any other circumstances, have been a farce, but must now be regarded, by all honest men, as a SOBER LIE.

5. Resolved, That the infamous Union Committee of New York, embodying the highest legal ability in that city, all made subservient to the use of the slave claimant whose expenses that Committee shared:—thus taking away one of the most natural and legal discouragements to the recovery of fugitive slaves,—is, we are afraid, too fair an exponent of the real public sentiment of the free States.

6. Resolved, That whoever wishes evidence as to the character of Northern Churches may find it in the fact that reference to politics was deemed desecration of the pulpit; and silence was proclaimed to be the duty of leading denominations, until that silence was broken in behalf of the slave catcher, and the leading spirits, of all sects, leaped into the arena to uphold the Fugitive Slave Bill. Such an one may find evidence in the efforts of Drs. Spring and Cox, Drs. Rogers and Sharp, Drs. Taylor and Hawks, Moses Stuart and Orville Dewey, to confuse the moral perceptions and freeze the merciful instincts of the community; making Christianity the stalking horse of their narrow prejudice, and fawning desire for the approbation of what are thought great men; proffering to be the servant of human laws, and exhorting the religious men and women of the North to yield their conscientious convictions to the drunken votes of a mob of trading politicians and profane revellers, dignified with the title of the Congress of the United States.

7. Resolved, That the late atrocious charge of Mr. Justice McLean, in the case of Norris vs. Crocker, and others, straining as it does every principle of law to effect the condemnation of innocent men, strikes us with no surprise either from that Bench or that man, well knowing that the foul Northern tenants of that Bench have always been chosen from such material as could be easily moulded by their five Southern brethren, and that Mr. McLean was the last man in Ohio who struggled to hold slaves there; that in his whole judicial course he has never been betrayed into one emotion of mercy or utterance for freedom; and we rejoice that his constant, and, of late, increased, servility to the Slave Power has never deceived either the North or the South.

8. Resolved, That the course of the Mayor and Aldermen of this city in avowing that, at the late meeting for the reception of George Thompson in Faneuil Hall, Marshal Tukey acted by their orders, and with their approbation, exhibits such an ignorance of law and of their duties, such crouching to public opinion, such entire want both of physical and moral courage, as to be alike proof and confession of their disqualification for the offices they hold; and their recent refusal to this Society of Faneuil Hall, on the ground that George Thompson was to appear on its platform, is a gross injustice to us as tax-paying inhabitants, and a shameful confession that they rule this city as the servants of the mob.

9. Resolved, That we will labor to effect such a change of public sentiment here, that Boston may have city officers enlightened and independent enough to have opinions of their own, not the mere tools of contractors, or bobs to the kites of any party or any press—men educated sufficiently to understand, and honest enough to attempt, at least impartially, to protect every citizen in his legal rights.

Mr. Phillips took up the first three resolutions, and spoke eloquently in their support.

On motion of Samuel May, Jr., a resolution touching the expenses of the meeting was adopted, and the Committee on Finance was authorized to call additional members to its aid.

Charles C. Burleigh spoke in support of the Resolutions.

John C. Cluer, of Boston, offered the following resolution, and spoke briefly in its support, giving notice of his intention to speak more fully upon it at a future session, and introduce documentary evidence:

13. Resolved, That the accusation brought against GEORGE THOMPSON, by T. D. McGee, a *professed* refugee patriot, charging Mr. Thompson with having voted, in Parliament, for a Bill 'which made free speech treason,' is false, and that the bringing of such a charge against one of the firmest friends of liberty, at a moment when all her friends were combined against him, shows its author a traitor to the cause he professes to love, such as even a slaveholder would spurn.

Adjourned, to meet at Central Hall, Milk street, at 7 o'clock.

Evening Session.—Met according to adjournment at Central Hall; Effingham L. Capron, one of the Vice Presidents, in the Chair.

The resolutions before the Society being read by the Secretary,

Edmund Quincy addressed the meeting. He referred to the intelligence, brought by the magnetic telegraph to-day from Washington, that the members of Congress [illegible] were limited to twenty minutes. On motion of Wm. A. White, the motion was laid on the table.

The discussion was resumed by Charles List, who spoke mainly on the Fugitive Slave Law.

[In the course of his speech, Mr. List gave way to Dr. Cutter, who came into the Hall to offer the volunteer services of four young ladies, the Misses Hall, now giving concerts in this city, and in another apartment of the Temple,) to sing an Anti-Slavery song. The offer being accepted, the ladies appeared and sung, in a very agreeable manner, 'The Fugitive Slave's Appeal to the North Star;' and afterwards, 'Ho! the Car Emancipation.' And being warmly applauded and encored, they returned and sang, 'There's a good time coming.' The songs harmonized well with the debates, and formed a pleasant episode. Afterwards, the brothers Hutchinson sang, in their rich notes, a song in rebuke of Daniel Webster's apostacy, and his servility to Slavery.]

Wendell Phillips then took the floor, and offered the following resolution:—

10. Resolved, That in regard to SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT, in his votes on the Territorial and Fugitive Slave Bills, we will not undertake to decide whether he represented or misrepresented his constituency; but since neither he nor his friends have attempted any defence of either of those measures except as necessary to avert dangers which nothing but the grossest ignorance could believe to exist, his base selfishness and craven spirit at that crisis make all former Northern treason look white by the side of the blackness of his infamy; and as long as New England retains any spark of the spirit or of the pride of her ancestry, his memory will be held in loathing and abhorrence.

Mr. Phillips referred to the vote which Samuel A. Eliot gave in the Massachusetts Legislature, to instruct the Massachusetts delegation in Congress to oppose all extension of Slavery; and to his subsequent vote, at Washington, as one of that delegation, in favor of all the Compromise measures with Slavery, the Fugitive Slave Law included! It was base fear for the Tariff, said Mr. P., and an equally base and false plea, that the law of 1850 is *no worse* than the law of 1793, that led him to give this disgraceful vote. If the law of 1850 is no worse than that of '93, how comes it, said Mr. P., that within four months we have had, here in Boston, two different attempts to recover fugitive slaves, and that they are occurring by scores throughout the Northern States, and so much more frequently than ever before in the history of the nation?

It becomes our duty, said he, to express our moral contempt and indignation of Mr. Eliott's vote and whole course on this matter, and to show that the presence of the slave-catchers in our streets is a consequence and a fitting commentary on his vote, and recent letter in justification thereof.

Daniel Webster has told us, said Mr. Phillips, that whoever attempts to re-open the question of Slavery, will find himself in a poor and contemptible minority Does not Mr. Webster know that poor and contemptible minorities have reformed and ruled mankind? Did he never hear of a contemptible minority of twelve men, gathered in an upper chamber, whose voice and whose doctrine revolutionized the world? Mr. Webster says, that when the Compromise measures passed the last session of Congress, every body understood that the settlement was a *final* one. Indeed! Lord John Russell once, in the British Parliament, for a doctrine similar to this of Mr. Webster's, got the nick-name of Finality John. We may call *him* Finality Daniel. Did not he know that there were men and women, scattered up and down the land, who love the Anti-Slavery cause too well to allow any settlement like this? In 1645, said Mr. P., a Committee of the Massachusetts Government laid out a road westerly from Boston, as far as Newton; and when they reported the fact they took much satisfaction in the completion of the work, saying that no road would ever be needed farther in that direction! They were the *finality* men of their day. Mr. Webster's foresight may be taken as equal to theirs.

At the conclusion of an eloquent and very able speech, which was much applauded, and of which the above furnishes but an occasional fragment, the Society adjourned to Friday, 10 o'clock, A. M.

FRIDAY.

Morning Session.—The Society again assembled in the Tremont Temple, the President being in the chair.

The resolutions of the Business Committee being still before the meeting, were advocated by Rev. Joseph J. Locke, of Barre, Thomas H. Jones, once a slave in North Carolina, whose speech was received with great favor, and Judson Hutchinson.

Mrs. Redlon, of Providence, spoke chiefly on the question of Woman's Rights, and was repeatedly called to order.

John C. Cluer moved, and the Society voted to lay the resolutions on the table, and take up the resolution presented by him on Wednesday afternoon, relative to a slanderous charge against George Thompson. He defended Mr. Thompson from the charge of, T. D. McGee, that he voted in Parliament for the Irish Coercion Bill, and showed, by incontrovertible documentary proof, that the charge was false and libellous in the last degree.

Mr. Cluer's resolution was then adopted; there being a very general vote throughout the audience in the affirmative, and one only in the negative.

The resolutions on the table were taken up, and the meeting was addressed by Rev. Theodore Parker. He occupied a little time in reviewing that portion of Gov. Boutwell's recent Message which speaks in such twaddling and evasive terms of the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. Parker also examined the question whether a juror is in all cases obliged to find a verdict in conformity with the facts proved; or whether, in a case where he believes justice and popular rights require it, he may not give a verdict contrary to the facts, without being morally perjured.

Soon after 1 o'clock, adjourned to 2 1-2 o'clock.

Afternoon Session.—Met at the hour appointed, in the Temple: the President in the chair.

Edmund Quincy, from Committee on Officers of the Society, reported the following list:—

President,
FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston.

Vice Presidents,
ANDREW ROBESON, New Bedford,
EDMUND QUINCY, Dedham.
STILLMAN LOTHROP, Cambridge.
AMOS FARNSWORTH, Groton.
ADIN BALLOU, Milford.
JOHN M. FISK, West Brookfield
JOSHUA T. EVERETT, Princeton.
EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON, Worcester
JEFFERSON CHURCH, Springfield.
WILLIAM B. STONE, Gardner.
OLIVER GARDNER, Nantucket
HENRY I. BOWDITCH, Boston
GEORGE HOYT, Athol.
JOHN C. GORE, Roxbury.
JOSIAH HENSHAW, West Brookfield
CAROLINE WESTON, Weymouth.
BENJAMIN SNOW, JR., Fitchburg
GEORGE MILES, Westminster.
JAMES N. BUFFUM, Lynn.
CYRUS PIERCE, Newton.
JOHN T. HILTON, Cambridgeport
THOMAS T. STONE, Salem.
BOURNE SPOONER, Plymouth.
WILLIAM ASHBY, Newburyport
JOHN BAILEY, Lynn
CHARLES F. HOVEY, Boston
J. S. STAFFORD, Cummington.
JOSEPH J. LOCKE, Barre.

Corresponding Secretary,
EDMUND QUINCY, Dedham.

Recording Secretary,
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Boston.

Treasurer,
SAMUEL PHILBRICK, Brookline.

Auditor,
EDMUND JACKSON, Boston

Counsellors,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON,	WENDELL PHILLIPS,
MARIA W. CHAPMAN,	JOHN ROGERS,
CORNELIUS BRAMHALL,	ANNE W. WESTON,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	JOHN M. SPEAR,
CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,	JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,
SAMUEL MAY, JR.	WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

The question being taken on the acceptance of the report, it was decided in the affirmative; and the individuals named were elected the officers of the Society.

The resolutions before the meeting were further discussed by Edmund Quincy, George W. Putnam, of Lynn, Thomas Russell, of Plymouth, and Wendell Phillips, who controverted the position of Mr. Parker, respecting the juror's right to shape his verdict according to his own ideas of justice.

William L. Garrison introduced the two following resolutions:

12. Resolved, That in the visit of our long-tried and untiring conjutor, GEORGE THOMPSON, to this country, for the second time, we see cause for emotions of the deepest shame and feelings of the liveliest gratitude —shame, that in this vaunted land of freedom there are millions of our countrymen still wearing the galling chains of a Slavery which England has long since abolished throughout all her dominions—and gratitude that, notwithstanding all the scorn, insult and outrage heaped upon him when among us fifteen years ago, as the advocate of universal emancipation, he generously throws the past into oblivion, and is once more with us, the same magnanimous and world-embracing spirit, the same dauntless and invincible champion of freedom, the same unwavering friend to the liberty and prosperity of our country, the same fearless and eloquent advocate of the rights of the enslaved—as ready to incur opprobrium and persecution now, in the same glorious cause, as he was in the perilous times of 1834-5.

13. Resolved, That with three millions of our countrymen in the galling chains of Slavery, we have a fitting commentary on the empty declaration, that this is 'the land of the FREE'; and in the consternation which is every where visible in this country at the presence of GEORGE THOMPSON, we are presented with an equally striking commentary on the general boast, that this is 'the home of the BRAVE'!

These resolutions were then adopted unanimously.

The Chairman of the Finance Committee, Mr. Buffum, reported the amount of funds raised and pledged. A subsequent examination of the papers, more full and careful than the Committee had then had time to give, shows the whole amount of cash collected is $350; and that nearly $1200 have been pledged.

The question was then taken on the remaining resolutions before the meeting separately. They were all adopted, with a few opposing votes; but it is believed that those votes were not given by persons members of the Society, or friendly to the Anti-Slavery cause.

The Society then adjourned, *sine die.*

[The absence of GEORGE THOMPSON from the Annual Meeting was a severe and constant disappointment to all present. All had looked to and relied upon his presence, as that which was chiefly to distinguish and give character to the meeting. A very severe attack of illness, which compelled him to seek the care of a physician, detained him at Hingham, during the entire meeting. To him, not less than to us, we doubt not, the inevitable disappointment was a very painful one.

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, *Recording Secretary.*
SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
ELIZA JERUSHA KENNEY,
LEVI D. SMITH,
Assistant Secretaries.

MARRIAGES.

LAMAR—MAFFIT.—At New Orleans, Jan. 29th, Gen. Mirabeau B. Lamar (Ex-President Republic of Texas) to Miss Henrietta M. Maffit, both of Texas.

UNDERHILL—PALFREY.—Also, Jan. 27, George R. Underhill, Esq., to Miss Sarah H., daughter of Col. H. W. Palfrey.

DEATHS.

AUDUBON.—At his residence, at Minniesland, North River, J. J. Audubon, the eminent naturalist, aged 76.

HALLOWELL.—At Phila., on the 7th inst., Theresa K., wife of Joshua L. Hallowell, in 32d year of her age.

RICHARDSON.—At Baltimore, Feb. 10th, George R. Richardson, Attorney General of the State of Md

CROWNINGSHIELD.—At Boston, on the 25th inst., Hon. Benj. W. Crowningshield, of Salem, aged 80.

Mass Anti-Slavery Conventions.

THE Friends of Freedom in the State of New York will hold a series of

MASS CONVENTIONS,

In the following places:

Union Village, Washington County, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 20th and 21st.

West Winfield, Herkimer County, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 25th and 26th.

Peterboro, Madison County, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28th and March 1st

Syracuse, Wednesday and Thursday, March 5th and 6th.

Auburn, Friday and Saturday, March 7th and 8th.

Rochester, Thursday and Friday, March 13th and 14th.

☞ Among the distinguished speakers engaged to attend these Convention are GEORGE THOMPSON, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, ABBY KELLY FOSTER, STEPHEN S. FOSTER and others; and it is expected that several of them will be attended by GERRIT SMITH and SAMUEL J. MAY.

Old Colony.

The Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society will hold a meeting in the Vestry of the Rev. Mr. Forman's Church West Bridgewater, commencing Saturday evening, Feb. 15, and continuing through the following day and evening.

C. C. BURLEIGH, Miss ANTOINETT L. BROWN, of Oberlin, and others, will address the meeting.

N. B. The morning session on Sunday will be held at an early hour, in order to give place for church services at 11 o'clock

BOURNE SPOONER, *Pres.*
H. H. BRIGHAM, *Sec.*
Abington, Feb. 5, 1851.

Liberty Bell for 1851.

A FEW COPIES FOR SALE,
At this Office. f13.

Miscellany.

The Author of Jane Eyre, &c.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF ELLIS AND ACTON BELL.

By Currer Bell (Miss Bronte) in the preface to a new London edition of Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey.

"It has been thought that all works published under the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, were, in reality, the production of one person. This mistake I endeavored to rectify by a few words of disclaimer prefixed to the third edition of *Jane Eyre*. These too, it appears, failed to gain general credence, and now, on the occasion of a reprint of *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, I am advised distinctly to state how the case really stands.

"Indeed, I feel myself that it is time the obscurity attending those two names—Ellis and Acton Bell—was done away. The little mystery, which formerly yielded some harmless pleasure, has lost its interest: circumstances are changed. It becomes, then, my duty to explain briefly the origin and authorship of the books written by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

"About five years ago, my two sisters and myself, after a somewhat prolonged period of separation, found ourselves re-united, and at home. Resident in a remote district, where education had made little progress, and where, consequently, there was no inducement to seek social intercourse beyond our own domestic circle, we were wholly dependent on ourselves and each other, on books and study, for the enjoyment and occupations of life. The highest stimulus, as well as the liveliest pleasure we had known from childhood upwards, lay in attempts at literary composition: formerly we used to show each other what we wrote, but of late years this habit of communication and consultation had been discontinued: hence it ensued, that we were mutually ignorant of the progress we might respectively have made.

"One day, in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally alighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse: I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear, they had also a peculiar music—wild, melancholy and elevating.

"My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one on the recesses of whose mind and feelings, even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication. I knew, however, that a mind like hers could not be without some latent spark of honorable ambition, and refused to be discouraged in my attempts to fan that spark into a flame.

"Meantime my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not but be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses, too, had a sweet pathos of their own.

"We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors. This dream, never relinquished, even when distance divided and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and consistence: it took the character of a resolve. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible get them printed. Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our own names under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at avowing Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because—without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called 'feminine'—we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward a flattery, which is not true praise.

"The bringing out of our little book was hard work. As was to be expected, neither we or our poems were at all wanted: but for this we had been prepared at the outset: though inexperienced ourselves, we had read the experience of others. The great puzzle lay in the difficulty of getting answers of any kind from the publishers, to whom we applied. Being greatly harassed by this obstacle, I ventured to apply to the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, for a word of advice; *they* may have forgotten the circumstance, but I have not, for from them I received a brief and business-like, but civil and sensible reply, on which we acted, and at last made a way.

"The book was printed: it is scarcely known, and all of it that merits to be known are the poems of Ellis Bell. The fixed conviction I held, and hold, of the worth of these poems, has not, indeed, received the confirmation of much favorable criticism: but I must retain it notwithstanding.

"Ill success failed to crush us: the mere efforts to succeed had given a wonderful zest to existence; it must be pursued. We each set to work on a prose tale: Ellis Bell produced *Wuthering Heights*, Acton Bell *Agnes Grey*, and Currer Bell also a narrative in one volume. These MSS. were persevereingly obtruded upon various publishers, for the space of a year and a half; usually, their fate was an ignominious and abrupt dismissal.

"At last, *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey* were accepted on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors; Currer Bell's book found acceptance nowhere, nor any acknowledgment of merit, so that something like the chill of despair began to invade his heart. As a forlorn hope, he tried one publishing-house more—Messrs. Smith and Elder. Ere long—in a much shorter space than that on which experience had taught him to calculate—there came a letter, which he opened in the dreary expectation of finding two hard, hopeless lines intimating that 'Messrs. Smith and Elder were not disposed to publish the MS.' and, instead, he took out of the envelope a letter of two pages. He read it trembling. It declined, indeed, to publish that tale, for business reasons, but it discussed its merits and demerits so courteously, so considerately, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened, that this very refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done. It was added, that a work in three volumes would meet with careful attention.

"I was then just completing *Jane Eyre*, at which I had been working while the one volume tale was plodding its weary round in London: in three weeks I sent it off: friendly and skillful hands took it in. This was in the commencement of September, 1847: it came out before the close of October following, while *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, my sisters' works, which had already been in the press for months, still lingered under a different management.

"They appeared at last. Critics failed to do them justice. The immature but very real powers revealed in *Wuthering Heights* were scarcely recognized: its import and nature were misunderstood; the indentity of its author was misrepresented: it was said that this was an earlier and ruder attempt of the same pen which had produced *Jane Eyre*. Unjust and grievous error! We laughed at it at first, but I deeply lament it now. Hence, I fear, arose a prejudice against the book. That writer who could attempt to palm off an inferior and immature production under cover of one successful effort, must indeed be unduly eager after the secondary and sordid result of authorship, and pitably indifferent to its true and honorable meed. If reviewers and the public truly believed this, no wonder that they looked darkly on the cheat.

"Yet I must not be understood to make these things subject for reproach or complaint: I dare not do so; respect for my sister's memory forbids me.—By her any such querulous manifestation would have been regarded as an unworthy and offensive weakness.

"It is my duty, as well as my pleasure, to acknowledge one exception to the general rule of criticism. One writer,* endowed with the keen vision and fine sympathies of genius, has discerned the real nature of *Wuthering Heights*, and has, with equal accuracy, noticed its beauties and touched on its faults. Too often do reviewers remind us of the mob of astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers, gathering before the 'writing on the wall,' and unable to read the characters or make known the interpretation.—We have a right to rejoice when a true seer comes at last, some man in whom is an excellent spirit, to whom have been given light, wisdom, and understanding; who can accurately read the 'mene, mene, tekel upharsin' of an original mind (however unripe, however inefficiently cultured and partially expanded that mind may be); and who can say with confidence, 'This is the interpretation thereof.'

"Yet, even the writer to whom I allude shares the mistake about the authorship, and does me the injustice to suppose that there was equivoque in my former rejection of this honor (as an honor, I regard it). May I assure him that I would scorn in this and in every other case, to deal in equivoque; I believe language to have been given us to make our meaning clear, and not to wrap it in dishonest doubt.

"*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* by Acton Bell, had likewise an unfavorable reception. At this I cannot wonder. The choice of subject was and entire mistake. Nothing less congruous with the writer's nature could be conceived. The motives which dictated this choice were pure, but, I think, slightly morbid. She had, in the course of her life, been called on to contemplate, near at hand and for a long time, the terrible effects of talents misused and faculties abused: hers was naturally a sensitive, reserved, and dejected nature; what she said sank very deeply into her mind; it did her harm. She brooded over it till she believed it to be a duty to reproduce every detail (of course with fictitious characters, incidents, and situations), as a warning to others. She hated her work, but would pursue it. When reasoned with on the subject, she regarded such reasonings as a temptation to self-indulgence.—She must be honest; she must not varnish, soften, or conceal. This well meant resolution brought on her misconstruction and some abuse, which she bore, as it was her custom to bear whatever was unpleasant, with mild, steady patience. She was a very sincere and practical Christian, but the tinge of religious melancholy communicated a sad shade to her brief, blameless life.

"Neither Ellis nor Acton allowed herself for one moment to sink under want of encouragement; energy nerved the one, and endurance upheld the other. They were both prepared to try again. I would fain think that hope and the sense of power were yet strong within them. But a great change approached: affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look on, grief. In the very heat and burden of the day, the laborers failed over their work.

"My sister Emily first declined. The details of her illness are deep grounded in my memory: but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had ever known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish, and wonder, and love. I had seen nothing like it: but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity: the spirit was inexorable to the flesh: from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render.

"Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes.—Towards the decline of that day we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them. She died December 19th, 1848.

"We thought this enough: but we were utterly and presumptously wrong. She was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received distinct information that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path with slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed, that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear my testimony to the calm triumph which they brought her through. She died May 28th, 1849.

"What more shall I say about them? I cannot and need not say much more. In externals, they were two unobtrusive women: a perfectly secluded life gave them retiring manners and habits. In Emily's nature the extremes of vigor and simplicity seemed to meet. Under an unsophisticated culture, inartificial tastes, and an unpretending outside, lay a secret power and fire that might have informed the brain and kindled the veins of a hero; but she had [illegible] many years prepared to the practical business of life; she would fail to defend her most manifest rights, to consult her most legitimate advantage. An interpreter ought always to have stood between her and the world. Her will was not very flexible, and it generally opposed her interest. Her temper was magnanimous, but warm and sudden: her spirit altogether unbending.

"Anne's character was milder and more subdued: she wanted the power, the fire, the originality of her sister, but was well endowed with quiet virtues of her own. Long-suffering, self-denying, reflective, and intelligent, a constitutional reserve and taciturnity placed and kept her in the shade, and covered her mind, and especially her feelings, with a sort of nun-like veil, which was rarely lifted. Neither Emily or Anne were learned: they had no thought of filling their pitchers at the well-spring of other minds; they always wrote from the impulse of nature, the dictates of intuition, and from such stores of observation as their limited experience has enabled them to amass.

* See *Palladium* for September, 1850

The Story of Maria Forster.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JEAN PAUL.

Those who are familiar with the history of the first French Revolution will remember that, among the distinguished and amiable persons who fell by the guillotine, was a brave German gentleman named *Forster*. He had hailed the beginning of the revolution as the dawn of a new and glorified era of humanity, and stood by what he deemed a noble cause, till he saw the last spark of nobleness expire in the black ashes of the "Reign of Terror." It is he who compares this grand convulsion to "an explosion and new creation of the world," but likens the actors in it, as they busily buzzed about him, to a mere "handful of flies" (*handvol Mucken*). Falling under the suspicions of the "ruling powers," he indignantly disdained to avail himself of the means of flight that were secretly held out to him by his friends; and thus, after sacrificing country, and kindred, and fortune, and everything else that was dear to him, he had also to yield up his life, as the last contribution he could offer to the holy cause of liberty; that liberty which, at its advent, came in the guise and glory of a god, but which afterwards took the shape of a raging and destroying fiend, and swept across the land, consuming everywhere its truest worshippers.

After his death, his widow retired, with her children, to nurse her sorrows amidst the pleasant scenery of the Rhine. Here, from earliest infancy, her two daughters were familiarized with the glowing forms of mountains, with forests and streams, and water-falls, and all the brilliant fascinations that appertain to nature in her grandest shapes. This wondrous scenery, the memory of the father's death, and the high-minded instructions of their mother, fostered in the daughters an impassioned love of solitude, and excited in one of them an enthusiasm of disposition which in the end became fatal to her peace. With everything about her to intoxicate the imagination, and with little of grave reality to balance it by cultivating the more sober faculties, Maria (as we believe the elder) came indeed to live in an utterly ideal element, which she fancifully peopled with heroic beings, selected chiefly from the immortals of the ancient world, though a few of the more exalted moderns were admitted to the like distinction. With these phantoms of the mind she held a lofty converse; reading continually the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the lessons of wisdom and of beauty which they offered her, some taint of a too extravagant veneration for the memories or persons of the writers. Not the less, however, did she devote herself with exact fidelity to all her filial and domestic duties; nor did she entirely avoid the society around her, or withdraw herself in disdain from all communication with common minds. On the contrary, she was ever ready to rejoice where there was gladness, and to sympathize with all the sorrowful; to participate, in short, in all the interests and affections in the midst of which she lived. Yet, when her daily rounds of work or of amusement had been finished, when the cares of the day were over, and night had covered all things with her dark and quiet mantle, she would turn with longing and with ecstacy to her beloved books, and sit for long hours in rapt communion with the spirits that spoke to her through their pages.

At this time the writings of Richter had become the general delight of Germany. Maria, when but a child of ten years old, had read some of them with a wondering and innocent admiration, and with childlike enthusiasm had written him a letter, expressing her thankfulness for the pleasure he has thus given her. As she grew up to womanhood, he became the ideal of everything in man that she had ever dreamed of or imagined. As he stood revealed to her in the tender and sentimental portions of his works, her imagination arrayed him with the grandest attributes; in him she saw the purest and holiest of men, a noble saint, a new redeemer, who alone could bear her over the waves and passions of this fretful life, and charm to rest and peacefulness her young but agitated heart. Then came over her the desire to be near him, to live in some relation in his presence, and to hold with him a closer spiritual and personal communication. So, in her thirteenth year, she wrote to him again, and said: "Is it not too bold—dare I to write to the dearest friend of man, and call him my father? Ah, I shall perhaps never see him whom I have to thank for so much, for the dearest benefits, the most elevated truths, all the good that excites my imitation, and a whole eternity that has opened before my soul. When I think on your infinite goodness, I burst into tears, and my heart is filled with blessings for you. This firm faith in you is a blessing of which no man can rob me. You will ask, perhaps, who it is that speaks thus boldly to you? But I am only a little girl, so little that I need not mention my name. Ah, were I grown up, as I shall be, neither land no sea should prevent me from *once* in my life seeing him who has long held the place of a father in my heart. But my own faults and intervening relations hold me back; and I would not trust myself to write one word to you, if I did not hope to deserve your indulgence and pardon for my wishes." She further told him that her whole life was a continual "striving after goodness," and yet expressed herself distressed at the little progress she could make, owing, as she believed, to her defect of talent, rather than to any want of inward truthfulness or sincerity. Her highest wish, for the present, was to deserve the esteem of the good Richter, and to enjoy the satisfaction of having him once to call her *daughter*.

As she grew older, Maria still continued to write, closing every letter with an ardent wish to visit her admired author. The first portion of this later correspondence expressed only a longing for a mere spiritual union, deferring the hope of its fulfilment to that future world for which she earnestly prepared her soul. But at length her letters betrayed a desire to unite her being in some sort with the object of her veneration, to partake of the blessedness which she believed would spring from a living relationship with him, and she even signified her impatience for a more intimate connection. Without ever having seen the man, she had become madly in love with him; or rather in love with her own ideal—the extravagant conception which represented him in her imagination. As she became aware of this, and her eyes were opened to the strangeness of her longings, she was overwhelmed with the bitterest confusion at the wildness of her dreams. It seemed as with impious presumption she had stretched forth her hands to touch the sacred ark of genius, and now the invisible guardian of the ark would fiercely strike her dead! Hitherto her letters had been all anonymous, but the day after making a virtual acknowledgment of her passion, she wrote another letter with her name, imploring to be forgiven for the impatience of the last, and retracting the tender announcement it contained, though, by the confusion of her language, in fact repeating both. Still other letters followed in quick succession, wherein she strove in vain to conceal the conflict that was laying waste her moral nature: for while she prayed him to forget her, she still held fast the hope of being admitted to his presence.

When her letters were anonymous, of course none of them were answered. But now she waited in burning impatience for some reply. Day by day she waited; rising every morning in a flush of expectation, which was daily dissipated, like the gilded dews, or as the brilliant cloud-pictures that heralded the rising sun. In her excited mind she found no explanations for delay; she reckoned not the distance, the interruptions of the post by the war-disturbed condition of the country, the literary labors of her friend, or the many possibilities that lie between the reception and the answer to a letter. *One* sole thought took possession of her mind—the thought that she was despised by the most revered of men; that where she had looked for sympathy and healing, she had found only unmerited contempt. All this pressed with an intolerable weight upon her soul. In the bitterness of her pangs she knew no [illegible]

Her tears fell with the dews at even:
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead."

Her self-tortured spirit was persuaded that in death only was peace. According, in the twilight of a May morning, she stole out of the house, and went with a fearful purpose to the river. The unrisen sun was sending forth his earliest messengers of light, and in the east they were strewing his path with splendors. The misty earth sent up her exhalations of mild incense, in mute worship of the brilliant power that was coming to maker her glorious. The forms of the old mountains were clothed with mystic majesty, and, all around, the trees and flowers were still and solemn in their beauty. But the troubled eye saw little, and that dimly, of all this various spectacle; saw only the glimmering river, in whose cold and liquid arms she was longing to be hushed in final rest. Yet she lookod round on the home where her mother was still sleeping, and which now the first sunrays were just touching with a modest glory; and the thought of the inconsolable sorrow which she was about to bring upon that dear and widowed mother, suddenly came over her, and made her waver in her purpose. And now her sister, who had all night long unobservedly been witness of Maria's agony, and had secretly followed her with fearful apprehensions, sprung with painful solicitude to her side, and saved her from her despair. Not yet was she fated to visit the dark kingdoms where the weary seek for quietness. They walked home in silence from the river's brink, and, when calmer moments of reflection came, Maria resolved firmly never more to peril her mother's peace by any similar deed of rashness, or in any way to leave her while she lived.

Shortly afterwards, the long expected letter arrived from Richter. He said:

"Your four letters from a good but over excited heart have been received. I guessed the name, and so did a friend of mine, in the first hour. Your noble, departed father is worthy of so good a daughter. But as the earth did not reward him, may he now, when he looks down upon his daughter, be rewarded by seeing her full of a pure ardor for goodness and virtue. He would speak to her thus: "May a good man receive my dear Maria as a daughter, and be to her a *spiritual* father. He will calm her excitement with a kindness and indulgence that cannot be imagined; he will tell her that in actual life, especially in marriage, the strength of passion in women, *even innocent violence*, has been the thorns and daggers upon which happiness has fallen and bled; that the mightiest and holiest of men, even Christ, was all gentleness mildness and peace. He will tell her she may soar with the wings of the *spirit*, but with the outward limbs must she only walk. She may kindle a holy fire in her heart, but must not *act* till the fire has become a pure light to guide her." I also, who speak to you in the name of your own father, desire such for my dear Maria, and will be that father to her. Your dream to come to me, you have on awakening, laid aside. Leave your mother? Never! I shall more probably go to you than you come here. I and my wife both love you, and greet you kindly. Remain always good, my daughter."

To this letter Maria answered gratefully, and forwarded, at the same time, a note she had written the night before the atttempted suicide, in which she had entreated Richter to look upon her as one departed, since she could not endure to live under the thought of his contempt. He, on his part, was alarmed and shocked at the recklessness to which the choice between life and death seemed so indifferent. It seemed that the affair was growing ominously serious. However, after a short time, he wrote again:

"The abundance of what I have to say to you, of which much should go only from the lips to the ear, and my want of time, have delayed my answers to your last letters. The first that you wrote to me after my answer has shaken me more than any calamity for many years; for had it not been for an apparent accident, you would have thrown a frightful death-shadow over the whole of my future life. You should see my coffer of letters, of which at the best I have not, for want of time, answered one-sixth part, and between me and my best friends there is often a delay of months. Your first four letters truly animated me. I saw in them only a rare exalted love, and a glowing soul, but not a single line unworthy of you or of me, and I answered them with more interest and joy than I usually express. You demanded the answers only too hastily, too punctually. Might I then not have journeyed, or been sick, or dead, or absent or engaged in business? The fearful step that you would on that account have taken, I must, notwithstanding the strength of mind it betrays, condemn most severely; but never let there be mention of it between us. Besides, I wish you, on your own account and on mine, to show my two letters to your good mother, whose most painful sorrows I know well how to imagine. You think much too well of me as a man. No author can be as moral as his works, as no preacher is as pious as his sermons. Write to me in future very often of all that is nearest your heart, either of joy or sorrow. You will thus relieve your mind of what rests upon it. You have become, by a peculiar bond, more knit to my life than any other absent acquaintance—only draw not false conclusions from my long silence. Very delightful to me will be our first meeting. May you be happy, my child; may these apparently only slightly and calmly written words rejoice, and not confuse or wound your heart."

After the reception of this letter, a pensive calmness seemed to settle on the troubled brow. Maria sought to subdue her restlessness, and to sustain her soul in a state of pensive quietude. This, however, lasted but a little while. The poison of a never-to-be-satisfied and hopeless passion was circulating in the vital currents of her life, and could not be expelled. In the gloomy hour when she resolved on self-destruction, she had discovered or suspected that her inclination towards Ritcher was more than a girlish reverance, that, it demanded a warmer and more welcome love than that of father or of friend; and therefore, seeing that she could not, without dishoner, cherish this unhappy passion, she came to a resolution never to see him who was its object, and bound herself with a solemn vow not again to indulge the wish of meeting.

With this feeling she wrote to him:

"The only honorable way that can lead me to the heart for which I so long, is the grave. You will never be seen by me on this earth, for I love you too much, therefore write to me something consoling; tell the poor Maria, that you will love her when we meet beyond this world. She can think of no joy in heaven, if there, as here, she is divided from the only soul through which she lives. Never again write me a letter so full of wisdom as the first, but rather one in which there is nothing but a lock of your hair; and be assured I will not cease to write till you tell me you have sent it willingly, and with the consent of your good wife also, for I deserve it, and would give half my hopes of happiness for it. I have no greeting for you from my mother, highly as she esteems Jean Paul, as neither she nor any one knows to whom I write, nor anything of the whole history. For, as she asked me at that time, "wherefore I would tear myself from her," I promised her never to leave her, if she would ask me no questions. She cannot know how resolute I am, nor yet how unreserved, and that it is my dearest happiness that Jean Paul has taken me for his adopted child. Ah, my father, only love me, and be happy."

To an unromantic reader, the request of a "lock of hair" from a man about fifty years of age, may seem to have a shade of the ridiculous. Nevertheless, to poor Maria it waa quite a precious gift. In her unhappy state of mind, this innocent memorial of a beloved head promised the tenderest consolation, and, in her esteem, would have a value utterly transcendent. She believed, apparently, that it would be one of the profoundest of satisfactions to her heart. It is true that, like a stream of oil it might be likely to quicken rather than soothe the flames on which it was cast; yet, in her extreme yearning to quell her vast excitement, she might even think that this would yield her some relief.—The cold, untroubled sense of man or women must not too closely scan the dreams and longings of a distracted mind. Richter, for his part, did not as yet know how passionately she loved him; and, therefore, regarding her desire for his hair as a merely innocent and romantic whim, he good-naturedly complied with it; writing, at the same time, with a playful allusion to his scanty possession of the article.

"The lock," said he, "that my wife has just cut from my bald pate, is the best answer to your letter Be not anxious I pray you, that I shall let your letters, written as they are, be misunderstood to your disadvantage. I understand your warm, idealizing heart, and its great power; how, then, shall the words of a moment make me err? What I complain of is, that the sun-heat of your mind ripens too soon or rather scorches and dries up its sweet fruit. Your vow never to see me comes to nothing, (now comes sermonizing, which you have forbidden,) for in the first place, one cannot vow for others; and, secondly we vow only to do what is good, and leave the bad; and this vow we bring with us into the world in the form of conscience, and no newer oath can contradict it. Another thing: to swear to avoid a certain city, or a certain man, without reason, is to seek to control Providence; and finally your vow does not extend to me, and I shall see you whenever I can. No; I paint to myself the hour when you will first see my Caroline and my children, and then me, and I shall also see all your friends. You are the only invisible correspondent to whom I write so unreservedly, and send my hair. Could I do it if I had not so much esteem for you, and so much confidence that you would do much more for me than I deserve or can ever repay? Would you only not err when from business or necessity I am silent to your letters. Do not torment yourself, for your pain is doubled in me.

"P. S.—I have much cause to wish that you should tell *all* to your mother and sister, and find in their confidential love no occasion for opposition."

The reault of this, perhaps, too kind and tender letter was far otherwise than Richter had expected. The words so gently admonitory seemed, in Maria's view, to justify the fond belief that he was disposed to sanction and return her passion.

"He loves me!" she whispered frantically to herself; he promises to seek me, nay, he even declares that he *suffers* on my account."

And again the hope, the burning fierce desire to see him, arose and raged within her; though, as one has said, "the veil of holy innocence lay upon her," and in less enraptured moments she was troubled with a fear that, in her communications with the beloved, she had passed the delicate bounds of womanly reserve; and this again distracted her. From the tone of her many letters, Richter observed, with deep anxiety, the terrific tempest in her soul, and, seeing that he could not calm it, he prudently left off writing. Then the poor bewildered girl began to see her error, and with heart broken repentance wrote to him, promising to be again only a child, a loving child, who would look up to him as a kindly father who should guide her wandering feelings along the steadfast paths of goodness After this Richter wrote to her again:

"I have received your last six letters regularly, but not always actually without the seals broken.* Your last three letters were welcome to me, as they again beautifully spoke of the only *possible* relation that can exist between us—that of a father and daughter; a relation in which your first letters enchanted me, and which has hitherto remained unchanged on my part. In this relation *alone* I ventured to love you so deeply, to send you the lock of my hair, to give you my confidence, and to oppose your incomprehensible scruples to our meeting.—The word father is, for a father, no less than the word daughter, a sacred and holy word—dearer than all other words! Why do you imagine me troubled? I am happy with my children and my Caroline, and as truly beloved by them as they are by me. The sciences are my heaven. Why then should I be unhappy, except at these disastrous times, when all the nations of Europe bleed?—Your unreserve gives me no pain; at least, unless you feel it yourself: on the contrary, it gives me only joy. You idolize me too much, instead of following my counsels. I shall therefore, offer you no more advice, so well do I know the female heart, especially the souls of fire to which you belong.—Send me, instead of letters that I have not time to answer, rather journals of your life, your family, your little experiences. May it be well with you dear daughter, and the gentle spirit of love, without that of *fire*, fill your breast."

In soliciting her "little experiences," Richter apparently wished to divert the gloomy intensity of feeling under which she was suffering, into a channel in which it should have harmless play; to suggest to her, indeed, an interesting *occupation*, whereby she might record her personal history, and exhibit her excited feelings, in the shape of some real or imaginary narrative, which, by the time and labor needed for its elaboration, would possibly prevent her from dwelling too exclusively upon the remorses and distractions of the hour. As it was, Maria was perpetually perplexing herself with new devices of self-torture; vague notions of intolerable dread arose and haunted her in solitary reveries; her being was a wilderness wherein all fearful and distressing images roamed at large in dim confusion, and where there breathed or bloomed no longer any pleasant thought or thing, but only wild and unconquerable agencies of desolation. Anchoring with long continuance by "one gloomy thought," her soul, when it strove again to brave the perils of the depth of life, was floated wide away out of the genial latitudes of hope, and was wrecked in darkness and temptest on the sandbanks of despair. It seemed to her, at last, that the image of the best and most beloved of men, which she in her idolatry had set up and consecrated in her heart, had, in the delirium of her adoration, been insufferably profaned and she deemed that an expiation was demanded for the sin. Thus her thoughts flew back to suicide, that dread mystical gulf of desperation, of whose shores only the desperate have knowledge. Not forgetful, however, of her former vow, she determined not to sacrifice herself while her mother was still living. But the mother died, and then she believed she was at liberty to make choice of her own destiny. There was yet another tie which bound her strongly to the earth—her solitary orphan sister, who would be left without a friend. But, as if fate had predestinated and prepared her doom, a friend of the family, who had been long absent from the neighborhood, unexpectedly returned, and to him, as she conceived, she might safely leave her sister for protection.

Filled with an unquenchable anguish, with a riotous restlessness that she could not calm, she now thought she would go to the beloved, and, in meek prostration at his feet, solicit some word of hope and comfort. Yet, pondering this great adventure, she speedily recoiled from it, deeming that the meeting she desired was an impossible one on earth, and must be left for another world, where there would exist none but spiritual relations. As she could not now have hope to merge her life in unison with his, she would deler the aspiration for fulfilment to a period when worldiy ties should be dissolved. Aimless, expectationless, and refusing to be comforted, she at length resolved, in her deep wretchedness, to take a clandestine flight to those invisible kingdoms of hope and dread which lie across the bridgeless stream of death. For this dark journey she prepared herself with singular deliberation. The domestic affairs of her friend and sister were all carefully arranged; whatever she was capable of providing for their comfort was minutely and quietly provided; and when all her duties had, as she conceived, been scrupulously performed, she wrote the following final letter to Richter:

"Do not be angry, dearest father, at receiving these lines from your unfortunate Maria. My mother has been two months dead, and she will consent that I shall now follow her. She wished me to take care of my sister—that is done. *Her* happiness is secure, and I can no longer endure to live where *mine* has so incomprehensibly failed. Ah! in the great universe of God, there will yet be a place where I can recover my peace, and be as I wish. I have suffered so much! I dare to die! Ah! you will despise me as long as I live, for you will never understand how I have languished to do something for you, or for those dear to you, and how much the thought has killed me, when I learned that I could not make you happy. But despise me not so much, as not to let your children, of whom I cannot think without tears, accept a little present from me. Let them not know from whom it came. I would willingly be wholly forgotten, and, unmarked, vanish away. No one can learn my history from myself. I have burnt all books and journals. Your hair only remains on my neck, and I take it with me. Farewell, beloved father! Ah, that it must be so with me! *Oh, that it were all a dream, and that I had never written to you!* My unfortunate spirit will hover about you. Perhaps I shall be permitted to give you a sign, or to bring you some higher knowledge."

On the day she wrote this letter, Maria employed herself in her customary manner. In the evening she prepared the usual meal for her friend and sister, and, as the former stated afterwards, "fulfilled with graceful attention the duties of a kind and careful hostess." She arose from the table to write a letter, and about eight o'clock asked her sister to sit down at the piano, embracing her, at the same moment, with warmth and agitation. She turned away from her, and threw herself on the breast of their mutual friend, saying to him, with choking voice, "*Take care of my poor sister*:" and then abruptly left the room. When she had gone, the attention of the friend and sister was attracted by the letters she had left behind; their anxiety was instantly aroused, and they hastened out in search of her. They met a multitude of people bringing back her drowned body, which a fisherman had just taken from the stream. They bore it into the nearest house, and applied the ordinary means of resuscitation. Once the unhappy girl opened her eyes for an instant, but being resolved to die, she resisted all the efforts made for her recovery; and although she became for a time conscious, calm, and self-possessed, she breathed her final sigh before the morning.

The intelligence was sent to Richter, along with the letter already cited, and cast a cloud over his life which it took a long time to clear away. He rejoiced, however, that he had not followed the counsels of some who had advised him to treat the unfortunate with ridicule and severity. The amiable Eliza Lee, (from whose modest and graceful "Life of Ritchter" the letters here quoted have been taken,) conceives that Jean Paul somewhat erred, nevertheless, in his treatment of this poor girl. She thinks that had he permitted her to visit him, she would probably have been cured of her unlucky passion. The sight of a man fifty years of age, with the look of a farmer more than of a poet, might have brought the bewildered damsel to her senses. She would have found him fulfilling the duties of a good citizen, a kind father, a faithful husband; leading a prosaic life," with birds and squirrels about his house; paying rents and taxes, and butcher's and baker's bills, like any other respectable man of civilzed society; and the sight and knowledge of these things might have subdued the fever of her imagination, and taught her the boundless need of conforming her notions of men and things to the actual standard they present in every-day reality. We know not what ultimate effect such an arrangement might have produced, but it seems to us that there was at least, one very strong objection to it; for, however sensible and charitable a man's wife may be, (and Ritchter's Caroline was eminent in these respects,) it would be hardly likely to contribute to her comfort to introduce as guest into the family a romantic maiden of seventeen who was violently and avowedly in love with her husband! We incline to think that the proper cure must have been sought for in other directions. If it were put to a jury of married women, we fancy they would unanimously acquit Ritchter of the charge of blame implied in his refusal to admit Miss Forster into his family. It is difficult to say what ought to have been done in a case so painful and peculiar. There may be a question whether Richter ought to have written so many of those pretty letters. Perhaps, to have drawn her away from solitude into occupations and amusements suited to an intellectual and generous girl, to have given her a larger and more accurate knowledge of the living world, to have allowed her more action and less sentiment, might have gradually ennabled her to gain command over her feelings, and in that case would have restored her to reasonable views of her position. Yet it is idle to speculate; rarely is a danger apprehended before it has befallen us; nay, how often will it happen that, even if a danger be foreseen, there is wanting either the energy or the means for avoiding it?

This, then, is the literal story of Maria Forster. A noble-minded, high-spirited, passionate, and heroic girl, whose soul was planted with the elements of all greatness, but which rose not to maturity from lack of a suitable cultivation. Nature had endowed her with sense, imagination, large capacity of emotion, courage, and aspirations that towered after a goodness unattainable; but these, unhappily, were all distorted, disruptured, perversely developed, by an extravagant sentimentalism, natural to her character, and also signally encouraged by the circumcumstances and environment in which she lived. She was one to whom it would have been a blessing to be less bountifully gifted; a child of passion and of fire, whose heart, like a volcano, cast up a burning lava which consumed it, producing barrenness and desolation where the gentlest flowerage of the affections might have grown.

Is there, anywhere among the places which these pages visit, any flashing and unquiet eye, a heart in its best impulses too vehement, and whose imaginative affluence might clothe with grandeur whatsoever form of man or woman it might honor, let it be warned that *the imagination has its perils as well as its delights*, and that, to be of any avail in the the concerns of mortal and eternal life, it must be controlled by conscience, reason, and the power of self-restraint. The column that is most beautiful looks most sadly in its fall, but must lie in its shivered prostration thenceforth, irrecoverable and unrestored forevermore. That which is lost through perversion of the sentiments, or by a misapplication of the faculties, is lost totally to the soul; even as a star that might be extinguished would be an everlasting dimunition of the splendors of the universe.

* Richter, for some reason, wished her to understand that her letters were inspected at the post office.

THE MORMON CITY.

An overland travelling correspondent of the St. Louis *Intelligencer* furnishes the following descriptive sketch of the Mormon capital of Utah:

The city of the Great Salt Lake is beautifully laid out within a short distance of the western slope of the mountain forming the eastern end of the valley. It contains eleven or twelve thousand inhabitants, who are mostly engaged in agriculture, though a portion of their time is devoted to mechanical pursuits when understood. The streets of the city intersect each other at right angles, and each block is half a mile square, with an alley from east to west and north to south. Each block is called a ward, and has a bishop to preside over its government, whose duties are to act as magistrate, tax collector and preacher, as well as street commissioner. The city and all the farming lands are irrigated by streams of beautiful water, which flow from the adjacent mountains. These streams have been with great labor and perseverance led in every direction. In the city they flow on each side of the different streets, and their waters are let upon the inhabitants' gardens at regular periods, so likewise upon the extensive fields of grain lying to the south of the city. There is a field thirty miles long by six and ten wide, a portion of which is cultivated by any who desire. This field was moving with wheat, barley and oats, nearly ready for the sickle when we were at the lake, and a finer field of wheat never grew in any country; the berry was large, full and plump, of a superior whiteness. We were convinced that no country in the world could produce better crops of wheat than this valley, or larger amount to the acre. The system of irrigation prevents anything like rust or smut striking the crop, to blast the expectation of the farmer. The productiveness of the soil will always secure him an abundant crop.

Within the valley, and including three other settlements of this people in the vicinity, there cannot be far from 30,000 inhabitants. Forty miles south they have a village, and another 110 miles farther south, among the Utah Indians—I suppose—where fine forests of all kinds of timber abound, while little or none for mechanical purposes, excepting pine, grows in the vicinity of the valley.

The character of this people has changed but little since their exodus from the States. The leaders and all appear to be more "free and easy," and the great body as perseveringly industrious and obedient to the higher powers as ever. Money is very plenty among them—principally gold, much of which came from the California mines. The religious character of the whole body has degenerated into mere amusement, frivolity, &c., not even the semblance of true piety is kept up. In the vicinity of the city is a warm spring, which has been brought into the city, and public baths erected. The water is highly medicinal. Each citizen has a building lot appropriated to his use, but is not the absolute owner, as he cannot dispose of it to a Gentile without the consent of the church; neither can a Mormon move away or take a journey without the consent of the church. Each member is allowed to take up and cultivate as much land as he pleases, but he can only sell such improvements as he may make upon the land. One tenth of the produce of the land, or the accumulation of each individual, as well as one tenth of his time, belongs to the church, and is rigorously exacted.

The houses are mostly one story high, though